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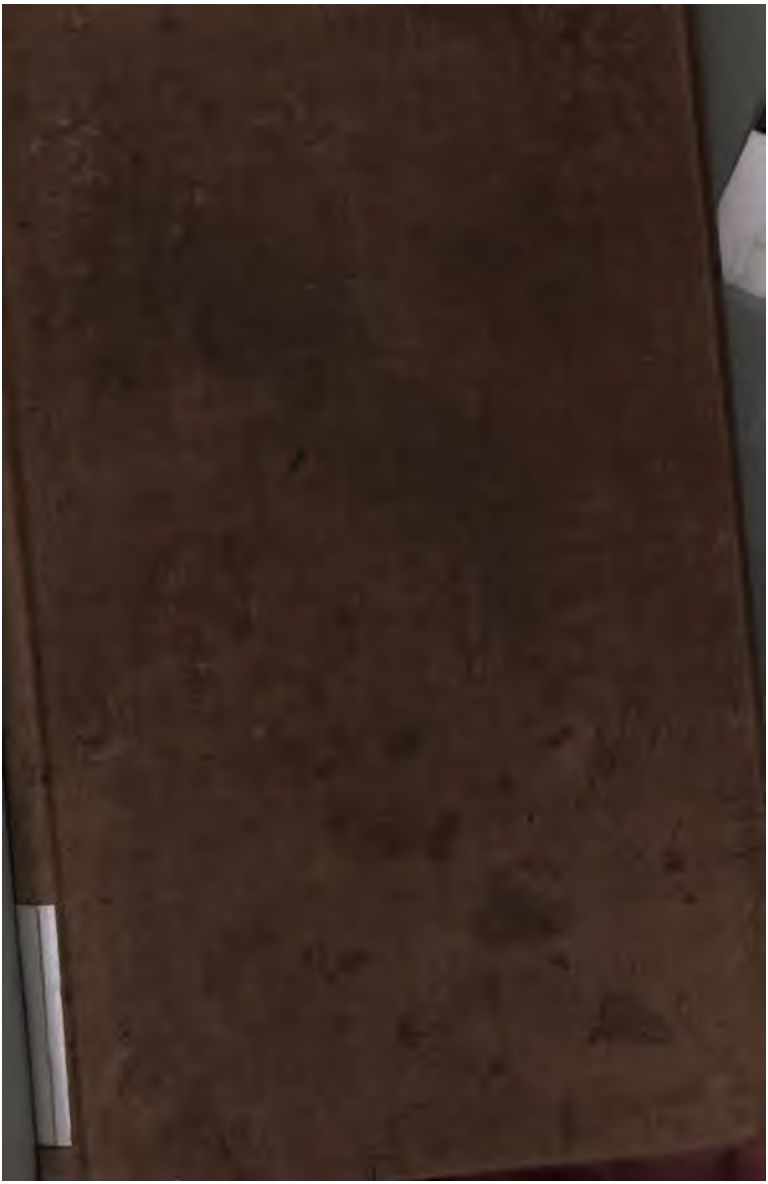

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Miss Harriet Woodbourn
with the regards of her friend
N. D. Appleton
1943

Myra W. Allen

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MYRA W. ALLEN,

WHO DIED

AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE REV. DR. TAYLOR,

AMERICAN BOARD IN BOMBAY,

ON THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18th, IN THE 30th YEAR

OF HER AGE.

BY CYRUS MANN,

Pastor of the Third Church in [illegible]

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?" —Bishop Heber.

REVISED BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

SECOND EDITION.

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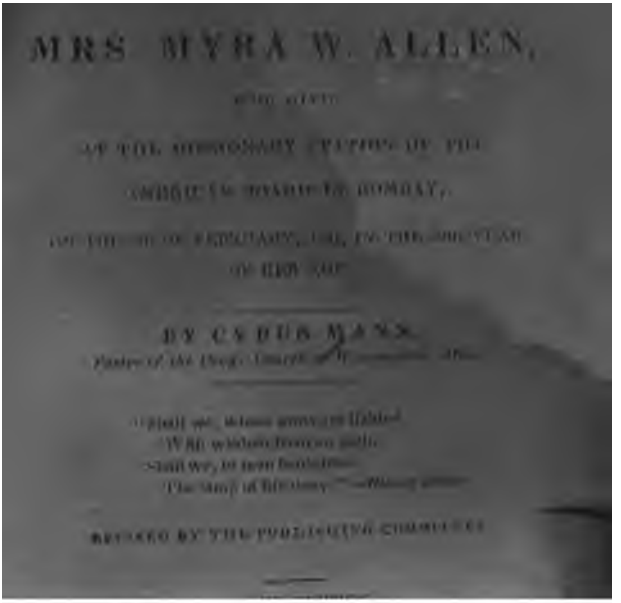
1834



MRS MYRA W. ALLEN,

WHO DIED

AT THE MISSIONARY STATION OF THE

AMERICAN BOARD IN BOMBAY,

ON THE 9TH OF FEBRUARY, 1841, IN THE 32ND YEAR

OF HER AGE.

BY CYRUS MANN,

Pastor of the First Church in [illegible]

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?" —Heber.

REVISED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Her ancestry, natural disposition, early habits, religious exercises, and religious character, ... 7

CHAPTER II.

Journal of Mrs. A. previous to her embarking to go on a foreign mission, ... 30

CHAPTER III.

Her decision to accompany Mr. Allen to India, . . 52

CHAPTER IV.

Letters, &c. written in America, ... 59

CHAPTER V.

Preparation to sail—Mr. Allen's ordination—Her marriage and interesting manner of taking leave of the children and youth in her father's neighborhood, ... 85

CHAPTER VI.

Embarkation—Extracts from her journal during her voyage, ... 98

CHAPTER VII.

Journal during her voyage continued—arrival at Calcutta, ... 110

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters, &c. written on the ocean, . . . 123

CHAPTER IX.

Residence in Calcutta—passage to Bombay, . . . 137

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. A.'s Journal kept at Bombay, ... 152

CHAPTER XI.

Journal continued, ... 168

CHAPTER XII.

Journal continued, ... 177

CHAPTER XIII.

Journal continued, ... 191

CHAPTER XIV.

Letters written at Bombay, . . . 212

CHAPTER XV.

Her last sickness and death, . . 240

ADVERTISEMENT.

SHOULD any apology for the appearance of this little volume be deemed necessary, it may be found in the high estimation in which the character and writings of the lamented Mrs. A. were held among the missionaries with whom she was associated. A "Brief Memoir" of her appeared in the Oriental Christian Spectator soon after her death. In this, the missionaries have borne ample testimony to her worth, her fervent piety, extensive usefulness, and the value of the productions of her pen. They say, "The death of Mrs. Allen, on account of its suddenness, the esteem in which she was held, and the important labors in which she was so fervently and advantageously engaged, has made a deep impression on the minds of her friends. It is consequently much to be desired, that the emotions which have been excited should receive a holy impression: and that those lessons which may be learned from her life and character should be solemnly weighed, when the mind is in the most favorable situation for considering them. We state this as our reason for thus early inserting the following notices. Our readers in general, we are sure, will be much interested in them." In another place, they state, "Of her proceedings, and of the various interesting circumstances which came under her notice, she kept a regular

account, which she transmitted, at intervals, to her friends in America. No copy of this is to be found in Bombay. There is only a small portion remaining, which would have been sent, had the writer been spared to add to it. We shall give several extracts from it." The Journal here mentioned, which could not be found in Bombay, together with many interesting letters of the deceased, have been put into the hands of the writer of this Memoir, and from them selections have been made to constitute this small volume. Some use has been made, too, of the printed document sent from Bombay. The chief difficulty has been, to make a suitable selection from the abundant materials which have been furnished, and probably another work, of equal size and value, might be formed from the writings of our departed friend, which remain untouched. It is proper to remark, that all the letters and journals used in compiling this Memoir were written without any expectation of their ever being given to the public. They are not, however, on this account the less interesting, as they exhibit in a higher degree the natural, unstudied character of the writer.

That these pages may excite the youth in Sabbath schools and Bible classes to consecrate themselves to God, and engage with intense earnestness in promoting the missionary cause, and giving glory to Immanuel by laboring to save souls from death, is the fervent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MYRA W. ALLEN,

CHAPTER I.

Her nativity, natural disposition, early habits, education, and religious character.

Mrs. Myra W. Allen was a native of Westminster, Mass. She was the youngest daughter of Colonel Abel and Mrs. Phebe Wood. Their intelligence and moral worth gave them a happy ascendency over the minds of their children, and they had the satisfaction of seeing all of them, nine in number, members of the same church of Christ with themselves.

Myra was born on the 7th December, 1800. She was blessed with a sweet and amiable disposition, which early endeared her to a large circle of relatives and acquaintance, and rendered her a peculiar favorite among the companions of her youth.

Their meetings were never deemed complete without her society;—without being enlivened by her cheering presence, and animating conversation. To break away from ties so strong and tender as those, which from her earliest years bound her to her young associates, required no ordinary firmness of purpose and decision of character. The place too of her nativity was a delightful portion of New England; and the paternal mansion, where she passed her youthful days, was surrounded with a scenery calculated to attach the affections to home, and country in the strongest manner. It is only by looking in upon the serenity and comfort and competence of the domestic abode, that we can duly estimate the sacrifice she made in devoting herself to the cause of Christ in heathen lands.

Nothing remarkable characterized her early days, except that they were passed with more than ordinary peace and tranquillity, under the guardianship of parents, ever watchful to promote her best interests. The social prayer-meeting and conference were often held under their roof, and the dew of heavenly grace was sought as the richest blessing. The voice of joy was heard here, as it is in the tabernacles of the righteous. The consequence was, the children

were brought to submit to Christ, and to seek their happiness in that religion which alone can impart true felicity.

Myra was early the subject of deep religious impressions. She was convinced of the reality and excellence of vital piety, and that without this, she could never obtain salvation. A cloud of mercy passed over the place, and she felt that it was high time to awake from her spiritual slumber. But it was not until some time after, while attending an Academy, that she obtained peace in believing. Of the change wrought in her mind about this time, the following interesting account was found among her papers.

"As long as I have any recollection, I have been the subject of serious religious impressions. I was early instructed in the truths of religion—the government of a holy, sovereign God, who had an infinite hatred of sin, requiring perfect obedience of his creatures, and punishing every transgression of his holy law with eternal death—the duty of repentance—the necessity of a change of heart, and the way of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. I was convinced of the truth and importance of these things, but they were wholly uncongenial

Myra W. Allen

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MYRA W. ALLEN.

[illegible]

AT THE MONTHLY MEETING OF THE

AMERICAN BETHEL IN BOMBAY,

ON THE 9th OF FEBRUARY, 1843, IN THE 2nd YEAR

OF HER AGE.

BY CYRUS MASON,

[illegible]

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?" — Bishop Heber.

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1844.

friends and relatives, were numerous and valuable, and many around me soon began to rejoice in hope. But, alas! no hope appeared for me. I thought myself almost stupid. I imagined I must feel the most poignant distress, before I should experience genuine repentance—that the interest of the soul must so absorb my mind, that I should feel no kind of concern or interest in anything else.

"Thus I was kept in bondage—I could not expect conversion before conviction; and true conviction of sin I thought I had not. Yet I trust the Spirit was all this time striving with me, and gradually enlightening my mind, leading me more and more to discover the exceeding depravity of my heart. These views led me to indulge a despondent state of mind. Thus I remained a long season. I was often told, and thought I believed, that the work of conversion was what I never could perform myself. Yet still I believe I was trying to merit something by my own exertions. I desire to bless the Lord that he did not suffer me to be again ensnared by the vanities of youth, and lured from the path I was resolved to tread. I verily believed the paths of wisdom alone led to peace; but that it was sovereign mercy that must guide my erring

footsteps into them. Adored be the goodness which bore long with my rebellion; but which, I trust, at length appeared for my deliverance. These lines afforded me peculiar encouragement at one time—

'He led their march far wandering round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.'

I was led to hope that though long left to wander in darkness, without any light, even 'darkness that might be felt,' there might still be mercy for me; but if I never obtained comfort, I chose to spend my life thus, rather than engage in worldly amusements and pleasures. Nearly four years passed without bringing me any lasting relief. I then went to reside at New Ipswich, for the purpose of attending the public school at that place. I trust I shall ever have occasion to bless the Lord for sending me there at that time. A powerful revival was just commencing there, and I was favored with a pious family to board in, and opportunity to attend frequent religious meetings. Never can I forget, till memory resigns her seat in my breast, the interesting scenes I witnessed in that place. I resolved to improve the opportunity I then enjoyed in searching my heart, and striving to obtain 'the pearl of great price.'

"It appeared to me, the present would prove a sealing time; and that if I did not now obtain mercy, there would be little or no hope in my case. The daily studies of school were a burthen to my mind, yet I did not consider it duty to relinquish them; they were therefore in no case neglected, though I gladly embraced every leisure opportunity to reflect on that important subject, which so deeply affected my mind, to attend the means of grace, and receive private instruction. Several in the school were awakened. I considered their situation far more hopeful than my own; some of them soon rejoiced in hope—yet no gleam of light appeared for me. My heart seemed a fountain of wickedness, and melted with heaviness. I was ready to acknowledge every charge brought against me in the Scriptures—for I felt its truth; I felt mine to be a peculiar case, and that I was much beneath the notice of all, but especially Christians. The promises seemed for others, but not to reach me. On the 18th November, I heard the Rev. Mr. S., of Hollis, and was much impressed with his discourses; and his remarks at the evening meeting were still more affecting to me; and when he proposed that those who wished for special prayer should rise, I could

not forbear to avail myself of the privilege, though the adversary would have inclined my heart to do otherwise.

"The next day an inquiry meeting was appointed, which I, with thirteen others, attended. The Rev. Mr. Hall questioned each one separately, and as I in course related my past and present feelings, I could not refrain from weeping. I felt heart-broken and almost despairing. His exhortation to me was, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' I felt its application to be peculiarly fit and weighty. This was a day never to be forgotten. In the evening there was another meeting, principally of members of the academy. Still I obtaining no relief. After returning, I requested Mrs. S. to retire with me to my room; but her engagements would not permit. I felt my heart breaking with grief. I attempted to cast myself on the Saviour, but could not find access to the throne of mercy. I afterwards felt less acute distress; but the term of school closed, and I left the place (though with deep regret) without obtaining solid relief.

"Shortly after my return, however, I began to view things in a different light. I began to feel there might be hope, even for me. The promise, 'Him that cometh to

me, I will in no wise cast out,' I found included all; and the passage, 'He is faithful that promised,' increased my confidence. I clearly saw that my heart was exceedingly polluted; but those Scriptures, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world,' and 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin,' appeared to meet my case, and they were to me sweetly refreshing. The character of the Saviour appeared lovely, and no longer as 'a root out of dry ground:' yet my apprehensions of divine things were quite obscure. I often thought of the blind man, who, after once washing his eyes, could discern 'men as trees walking.' I remained thus, sometimes hoping, sometimes not daring to hope, through the winter. In May, I went again to reside at New Ipswich. The revival had subsided in a measure, though its spirit was still manifest. I again enjoyed many religious privileges, but my heart was still filled with anxious doubts.

"In August, I again returned to my native place. Not long afterwards I heard a discourse by our pastor, from the words, 'We know in part,' which greatly relieved my mind. He showed that, as there are mysteries in the natural world, which he particularly noticed, so we must expect to find

them in the spiritual; and that creatures, of so limited capacities and darkened understandings, have no right to inquire into the 'secrets of the Lord,' nor strive to be 'wise above what is written.' I saw my error, and my mind was liberated. A tranquil serenity now took possession of my breast, such as had long been a stranger there. The plan of salvation opened to my view in a lovely, engaging light, and I felt that there was safety in committing myself wholly to sovereign mercy; if left to perish, no injustice would be done; yet I fully believed that none who did trust in the Saviour unreservedly, would be cast off. Satan had been foiled, and for a time, seemed to leave the field of contest. About this period, I heard two sermons from the Rev. Dr. C——, of Ashburnham, which were very appropriate to my case. In the morning, from the text, 'Who is on the Lord's side?' and in the afternoon, from 'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.' I had long regarded it as a privilege, of which I was utterly unworthy, to be admitted to the Lord's table. I now saw, that unworthy as I was, it was a duty I ought not to neglect. After serious deliberation, therefore, I gave my name to be proposed to the church for admission, and

on the 8th of December, 1822, entered into solemn covenant engagements to be the Lord's. It was a day of solemnity and joy to my soul, and one which, I felt, called for the most lively gratitude, not only for the mercy I experienced myself, but that others received the same with me—a dear brother and niece being received to church fellowship at the same time. For a considerable time I was scarcely troubled with a serious doubt. I had no ecstacies of joy, but a peace and tranquillity such as I had never before experienced."

After leaving the literary institution, Miss Wood expresses in her journal the most lively concern for the friends with whom she had there become acquainted.

"*Sept. 7th*, 1822.—I have now taken my leave of those companions with whom I have spent so many pleasant hours in literary pursuits, and returned to my native place. To many of them I have probably bid the last adieu, no more to meet them on the shores of time. It is a solemn and affecting consideration. It is painful to the heart possessed of any degree of sensibility, to separate from those whom we love; to sever the tender ties of friendship.

But separation is needful in this imperfect state.

> 'Friends must part and friendship sigh,
> Although it knows not how to die.'

"How much would the pangs of parting be mitigated, could we indulge the pleasing hope that we should all meet at last on Canaan's happy shore, no more to separate. But how dreadful is the idea of a final separation! How heart-rending the thought, that any of us should be finally cast off and be banished from all good, to dwell with everlasting burnings! Merciful Saviour, prepare us by thy grace to appear before thy throne, clad in the robes of thy righteousness, and to spend an eternity in thy presence!"

On December 8th, 1822, she publicly professed her faith in Christ, and was received into the church in her native town. The following remarks were written on the occasion.

"*Nov. 24th.*—After repeated self-examination and earnest supplication for the aid of the Holy Spirit to direct in the path of duty, I have at length come to a decision —and this day offered myself in a public

manner for admission into the church. What lively gratitude ought I to exercise for the distinguishing goodness of God to so stubborn a rebel. To the praise of sovereign grace I would record it. I humbly hope and trust that I have tasted of the love of Christ, and, though long left to wander in darkness, that I have at length enjoyed the cheering beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and been led to consecrate myself to the service of my Creator.

"*Dec. 8th.*—The solemn scene is past. I have publicly avouched the Lord to be my God and portion—my Teacher and Sanctifier—my Prophet, Priest and King; and am 'witness against myself that I have chosen the Lord to serve him.' Now if I should go astray and wound this precious cause, I must be without excuse. O Lord, look graciously upon me, and grant that my resolutions of new obedience, made, I trust, in reliance on thy grace, may not prove transient as the morning dews. Suffer me not to break the solemn covenant engagement into which I have entered; but make me useful in thy spiritual vineyard. Look in compassion on my dear companions. O revive thy work in this place, especially among the youth. The spiritual interest of a number lies near my

heart in a special manner; and may I never, by a careless walk or an unchristian temper, prove a 'stumbling block' to them; but may I recommend the religion of Jesus, by exemplifying its pure, peaceable, humble, compassionate, self-denying spirit. I am weak in myself—may thy grace be made perfect in my weakness.

"May the solemnities of this day's transactions long dwell in my mind, and excite me to greater diligence, zeal and watchfulness than I have ever before exercised. I commend to thy grace her from whom it has been my greatest cross—my greatest grief to separate. Bind up the wounds which thine arrows have made, and cause her speedily to rejoice in thy salvation. Give her faith to view the bleeding Saviour as her sacrifice, wounded for her transgressions, and bruised for her iniquities. May she find, by happy experience, that there is balm in Gilead and an All-powerful Physician there."

The commencement of her religious life was characterized by extreme diffidence respecting herself, and by a conscientious and faithful discharge of duty. She was a growing Christian. Her piety soon became active, and distinguished her in the cause

of benevolence. Children were the special objects of her attention, and she was ever ready to impart to them her advice and instruction. She was early engaged as a teacher in the Sabbath school, and cheerfully employed her influence and labors in collecting the young into an institution in which they might hear and learn the words of eternal life. No one appreciated more highly than she, this powerful and efficient method of doing good. Many will have occasion to bless God during the ages of eternity, that she took them by the hand and kindly led them to the Bible class and Sabbath school, where they received those impressions which terminated in their conversion to God. It is here worthy of remark, that almost every individual who early commenced attending on these institutions, and who continued to attend, subsequently became a hopeful subject of divine grace. All the objects of Christian benevolence engaged the affections and the efforts of her, whose labors have ceased from the earth. Hers was not that charity which says to the needy, 'be ye warmed and clothed,' and does nothing to relieve their necessities. She prayed fervently and gave liberally, and no member of the church was perhaps more successful in soliciting con-

tributions from others. Doubtless many a heathen has been savingly benefitted by her exertions in their behalf, while silently going the circuit of her father's neighborhood, to solicit the means of sending to them the bread of life. Understanding the merits of the cause in which she was engaged, she exhibited the subject with so much sweetness and impressiveness of manner, that none could be offended, and few could resist her entreaties. Little did she think that she should ever go in person to carry the destitute the glad tidings of redeeming love, when she was engaged in such errands of mercy! But the principles and feelings were here cultivated and strengthened, which were to shape her future course, and sustain her in sacrificing almost every earthly good.

She was naturally modest and retiring, and exceedingly distrustful of her own abilities.

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Such, probably, from her diffidence and love of retirement, would have been the condition of the subject of this memoir, had not her active piety called her from ob-

security, and raised her to a different sphere. She was, indeed, capable of filling almost any station with dignity and propriety, and without any of that vanity and ostentation which are so apt to discover themselves in inferior minds, when brought into public notice. Of the manner in which divine Providence called her from her loved retreat, our youthful readers will be informed in the next chapter. In the mean time, we ask of them to consider well the amiable traits of character developed in our departed friend, and copy them in their own lives. Consider, too, how the blessing of God followed her pious endeavors to do good, and "go and do likewise."

CHAPTER II.

Journal of Mrs. A. previous to her engaging to go on a foreign mission.

Concerning this Journal, a writer in the Christian Spectator remarks:—"It shows that she habitually maintained a holy jealousy over her motives and her actions; that she regularly, humbly, and diligently examined her own soul; that she had an experimental acquaintance both with the solemnities and comforts of religion; that she was fervently desirous of personal usefulness in the world; that she cherished deep compassion for those who were perishing for lack of knowledge; that she greatly rejoiced in the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom in her immediate neighborhood, and in the world in general; that she deeply sympathized with her Christian friends in the trials which were sent to them, and eagerly sought to lead them to a right improvement of them: and that she manifested great gratitude for the mercies of the Lord, and especially for the means of grace with which she was favored. The follow-

ing quotations will illustrate this statement, and throw light on some of the arrangements of the New England churches. Our limits forbid us to extend them."

"*Jan.* 1, 1823.—Have taken leave of the old year, and this day entered on a new one. This interesting period calls anew to retrospective self-examination, and a renewed surrender of myself to the service of my Maker. I have been propitiously guarded and preserved during the past year; and the distinguished mercies I have experienced call aloud for grateful strains of love and praise. Amidst numberless temptations and conflicts with spiritual enemies, I have been upheld and supported by an invisible power, and I hope the 'Star of Bethlehem' has guided me to the foot of the cross. Thou Saviour of sinners! ever keep me there; subdue my carnal lusts which war against my soul; let thy presence go with me hence; prepare me for every trial, preserve me from every sin, and bring me at last in safety to thy kingdom.

"*March 9th.*—With emotions of sacred pleasure would I hail the return of the holy Sabbath—gracious appointment of heaven for the refreshment of weary pilgrims, wandering through the mazes of sin and wick-

edness in the desert wilds of this world, and directing their course towards the heavenly Canaan, the mansion of eternal rest. How sweet to find in the sanctuary a sacred retreat from the cares and perplexities which attend us through the week,—to unite in the solemn prayers and sacred songs of praise, and to listen to the faithful dispensation of the word of life! O gracious Father! may I this day experience these divine joys in thy house; may I be washed from my innumerable sins in the fountain of redeeming blood; be delivered from wandering thoughts, and attend with solemn reverence to the ministrations of thy servant who may speak to us in thy name. Wilt thou give him grace to be faithful, and attend his labors with the energy of thy Spirit, without which they will prove utterly ineffectual. May thy faithful servants every where be strengthened by divine influence this day, and set forth the terrors of thy law, and the precious invitations of the gospel, in a clear and forcible manner; so that the impenitent may be awakened, and thy children comforted and stimulated to renewed vigor in thy service.

"*May* 18*th.*—Attended public worship, and heard the Rev. Mr. ——. Text in

the morning from these words: 'Though he be not far from every one of us.' The truths advanced were very good, though I thought I needed something to search more thoroughly. Discourse this afternoon on the subject of reason, which was represented as the agent in enlightening the mind in the truths of revelation. No reference was made to the influence of the Holy Spirit, either in the sermon or the prayers. Each one was directed to use reason, and search the scriptures for himself, and not blindly receive his principles from another. This appears to be right; but we need the influences of the Spirit to enlighten and guide reason in her researches. Candid reason herself must acknowledge this, if scripture is to be the standard of judgment. 'When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth'—and John xvi. 7, &c. Yes, we are depraved, sinful creatures, and without the spirit to enlighten, and the blood of Christ to cleanse us, we can have no scriptural hope of an inheritance in the heavenly Canaan.

"*May 29th.*—A tribute of gratitude and praise is due to the Almighty Redeemer, for his abundant grace displayed in the recent conversion of two dear friends,* and I

* Little did she at this time think that *she* should *her-*

embrace this early opportunity to record it. Situated so favorably as they were for embracing religion, I have felt much anxiety for their spiritual welfare; and often have attempted to commend their cases to him whose sovereign grace alone can change the strong heart, and bestow that peace which springs from believing in Jesus, and a hope full of immortality.

"My most sanguine hopes are now realized. I have abundant testimony in proof of the happy change, and though deprived of the privilege of being a personal witness, yet I do rejoice, yea and will rejoice in the glorious event. Shall the angels of God rejoice over the conversion of sinners? and shall not his professing children mingle their more feeble notes with the general songs of praise? I do indulge the hope, that if our lives are prolonged, I shall yet behold with my eyes and hear for myself, what I have heard from others; that I shall mingle Christian congratulations with them, and offerings of grateful praise to Him who has caused us to hope in his mercy.

"*June 2d.*—Again witnessed the return of that auspicious day on which the pious,

self at a future day accompany one of the persons here referred to on a mission to extend the blessings of the gospel to the heathen of India!

in all parts of the Christian world, meet to pour out their prayers for the extension of that religion which breathes 'peace on earth and good will to men,' and ascribes 'glory to God in the highest,' for the gift of Jesus Christ to a fallen, sinful, miserable, apostate race. I have been favored with an opportunity of attending the monthly prayer meeting in this place, and think it was much the best meeting I have enjoyed since I came from W. The desires of sincere Christians are similar in every place. They speak the same language, are beset with the same temptations, and are supported by the same hopes. Surely it is a privilege to meet with such, to listen to their counsels, their admonitions and instructions. The subject contemplated this evening is an important one—'the danger of being corrupted from the simplicity of Christ.'

"*July 3d.*—Just returned from a lecture preparatory to communion by the Rev. Mr. C. For two days I have labored under an unusual depression of spirits, and for a considerable time I have been deprived, in a measure, of the light of Immanuel's presence. But the truths delivered this afternoon have been sweetly refreshing and animating. 'Jesus and him crucified' was set

forth, as the only basis of hope for wretched man, and faith in him as the only method of his justification with God. May my soul be nourished and receive new life and strength for my daily warfare, and may my mind be impressed more feelingly with a sense of the perishing state of unbelievers.

"*July 6th.*—This day I have united with a few of the church here in celebrating the dying love of our ascended Redeemer. Many were debarred this precious privilege on account of unfavorable weather. I am daily called to take the cross in a peculiar manner in my present circumstances. Saviour, I commend myself to thee, pleading and striving to rely on the promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

"*Dec. 8th.*—"Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' This is a positive command of the inspired volume: I select it as suitable for meditation to-day, as it completes a year since I publicly took the covenant of God upon me. I desire to put the question to my heart and conscience, What progress in a divine life have I made during this year? The Lord has been pleased to plant me in a well cultivated vineyard, and has watched with a scrutinizing eye to see what

fruit I would bring forth. But I have not surely made that improvement I ought, and might have made. I have not sought out and improved opportunities for doing good according to the ability I possessed. Let this be for my constant humiliation. And if I have been enabled to do *any thing* for the glory of God, his shall be all the praise. I would now form some new resolutions for my future conduct, and strive to give a strict adherence to them. Should my life and health be spared, I intend to select a chapter each morning for a subject of meditation, committing to memory one or more important verses to employ the vacant moments through the day. I would also be more strict in the government of my thoughts, and watchful over my general conduct; particularly when likely to be exposed to temptations. I would also be more strict and constant in self-examination, and strive to be more fervent in secret devotion.

"*April 7th*, 1821.—For various reasons I have been induced to neglect writing the exercises of my mind for a long period; yet I must think that it has a tendency to cherish a devout spirit, frequently to record the mercies I receive, the sins and follies I discover in my heart, and the hopes and evi-

dences of divine favor I am permitted to indulge and receive. Especially does a review of former experience tend to strengthen faith, and trust in the divine promises. And, O Lord, can I not in sincerity say, I wish it to be entirely secret, and merely for my own benefit?*

"When I review what I last wrote, recollect what were then my feelings, and compare my life since with them, I am constrained to take shame to myself, and acknowledge that I have not been faithful as I ought to have been, and deserve not a name in the church. And I would admire that long suffering and mercy that has permitted me, after such repeated provocations, again to come to the table of the Lord. May I have grace now to take the whole Christian armor, and fight against every lust, every temptation, and be decided, and jealous for the honor of God. O great Redeemer, help me now to consecrate every talent to thee.

"*Nov. 21st.*—Since the above date I have passed through various trials. A part of

* Mrs. A's Journal, written previous to leaving America was found in her writing-desk after her decease. It was written and used "merely for her own benefit." While she lived it was kept "entirely secret," nor would it ever have been known to her most intimate friends but from her sudden death.

the time I have labored under great depression of spirits, have experienced languor of body, and coldness of spiritual affections. I desire to humble myself in the dust, and implore divine pardon for my inexcusable remissness, and resolve sincerely, through divine aid, to be more active, more self-denying, more prayerful. Thanks to unmerited goodness, my health is now restored, and I trust God is about to revive his work in this place. A little more than a week since, a meeting of the church, with their children, was held; from that time, I think the church has been awaking, and appearances are very favorable. An hour on Saturday evening, and one on Sabbath morning, is set apart for special prayer for the effusion of the Spirit, and I trust his influence is already felt among us. 'O Lord, revive thy work.' Cleanse thy church, purify and sanctify each one of us, humble and prove us, and let not these rising hopes be disappointed.

"*February* 14*th*, 1825.—The 'still small voice' of God is heard among us—producing in a very silent manner the most pleasing effects. Several young people have recently been brought, we trust, to taste the love of Jesus. Whether I am a Christian or not, I *do rejoice* in this work.

"*March 27th.*—I would now review my exercises during the past winter. The Lord has been in this place, reviving, I trust, the languishing graces of his children, pouring out a spirit of prayer, and, by the still, small voice of his Spirit, convincing unbelievers of their danger and guilt, and giving them a hope in his pardoning grace. My heart, if it does not deceive me, has been deeply interested in this work. At times I have felt a joy inexpressible—and still I have ardent desires for its continuance and spread, till all shall unite in praising and loving and serving the dear Redeemer. Some very peculiar circumstances of an afflictive kind, have, I fear, at times too much engrossed my attention, and deadened my feelings to this subject. Yet I cannot but indulge the hope, that ultimately they will terminate in my good. I have viewed the hand of Providence in the events that have transpired; and I trust my faith and confidence in him have been strengthened. I have felt that he is indeed a 'refuge in time of trouble.' The promises have afforded me sweet consolation: and though at times nature has been ready to repine, yet I have earnestly sought his grace to subdue my will and make me wholly submissive. I have sometimes found

sweet peace in committing all my interests into his hands for time and eternity—my views of futurity have been brightened—and I have felt desirous to live more like a pilgrim, passing through a desert land, 'seeking a better country, even an heavenly.' May he perfect his work of grace in my soul, and enable me to receive the allotments of his providence with submission, rejoicing that his wisdom overrules all things for good to them that trust in him.

"*Nov. 27th.*—Last evening was very agreeably spent at brother A's. The company assembled for the social visit were mostly professors of religion, and the latter part of the time was devoted to prayer, praise, and exhortation to persevering faithfulness. The frame of my mind was happy in the exercises, and I would record it to the praise of divine goodness, that I have had an unusual degree of enjoyment to-day. What solid joys, what rational pleasure, does the votary of the world refuse, for that which scarcely deserves the name of enjoyment, which leaves a wounded conscience, and a fearful foreboding of future retribution! O, my gracious God, give me my portion with thy children here, the hope of celebrating thy praise with them in thy kingdom hereafter, the comforts of thy

grace to cheer my passage thitherward, and to enlighten the vale of death with thy special presence, giving a foretaste of glory—and can I not say, it is enough?

"This day is one I would note with peculiar feelings. It completes the term in my father's life, in scripture allotted to man. He is now three score years and ten. I would record with unspeakable gratitude to sovereign grace, the distinguishing spiritual mercies bestowed on his family. How can I sufficiently admire that goodness which has given us all a hope, that we are united, not only by the ties of consanguinity, but also by those of *grace*, and that all our names are numbered among the visible family of Jesus.

"*Jan.* 1*st*, 1826.—As I enter, with trembling step, the threshold of another year, I feel the need of divine grace to enable me to commence its duties with a right spirit, and to prepare me for what awaits me. O gracious God! I beseech thee let me not relapse into that coldness and languor which I have too often experienced in times past. May I watch and pray against my easily besetting sins; and should I be suddenly surprised by death, may

'I be ready to loose from c[redacted]
Weigh anchor, and a happi[redacted]me explore.'

"Should I be called to part with dear relatives or friends, may I not have to lament that I have been remiss in exerting all the influence I possess to prepare them with myself for a happy re-union in the regions of light and everlasting love. I would adopt the language of the poet—

> 'With grateful heart the past I own;
> The future—all to me unknown,
> I to thy guardian care commit,
> And peaceful leave before thy feet.'

"*Jan. 24th.*—'Tis near the hour of midnight. The stillness of the house, the calmness of nature, the lustre reflected from the new-fallen snow by the light of the almost full-orbed moon, the lengthened shadow of the trees, stript of their verdure, the clearness of the sky, displaying the starry gems of heaven, or losing itself in mellowing clouds, all combine to tranquilize the mind, to fill the soul with solemnity and awe, and raise the thoughts in holy adoration. The day is past—its transactions closed—its account sealed up for eternity. And thus our mortal days will all flit away, and soon the *last* will arrive. And can I be regardless for one moment of the solemn consequences that will be the result of my daily conduct? Jesus, Saviour, to thee again I flee; pardon the sins and follies of the past day. Grant

me sanctifying, quickening, preventing grace; and while I am permitted to continue in this state of trial, let me not live in vain. I would not ask the honors of this vain, deceitful world. I ask for that lively faith which can *overcome the world;* which shall assist me to perform every duty with delight, enable me to endure every trial with patience and submission, receive every favor with gratitude, and ascribe all the glory to thyself.

"*Feb.* 11*th*, *Saturday Eve.* 8 *o'clock.*—This is an hour which has been set apart by this and many other churches, to be spent in prayer specially for the effusion of the Spirit. We may attempt the duty, but unless the Spirit assist us, it will be merely a formal service—not an odor of sweet incense. 'Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south: blow upon these gardens that their spices may flow forth.'

"*Nov.* 23*d.*—A few single females of the church, feeling an additional obligation resting on them, while comparatively free from worldly cares, to be active in the Lord's vineyard, have agreed to set apart this day for fasting and prayer before God, to seek his special blessing on themselves, and devise measures for promoting their usefulness. Wishing to avoid the painful

interrogation, 'Why stand ye here all the day idle,' and feeling that the benevolent mind may ever find some work of charity or labor of love to perform, though excluded from public view, we desire to associate ourselves for mutual encouragement and assistance. Oh, thou omnipresent Sovereign, behold our intention and bless our design. With thy blessing, we may, though weak, accomplish much; without it, the most splendid display of talents can accomplish nothing.

"Reasons for fasting.—The Lord has hid his face from us as a society, and from many of us as individuals. Many are apparently thoughtless and unconcerned; and some who are dear to us are, we fear, in spiritual bondage, yet insensible to danger. The professed disciples of Jesus, though exhibiting more signs of life than a few months past, are yet far from being zealous in that cause which should excite their warmest affections."

To a brother at a distance she wrote:—

May 2d, 1823.

"We have been shielded against the inclemency of the dreary winter, and spring is now smiling upon us with exhilarating

freshness and beauty. The winter of life will soon be past. Perpetual spring will reign in the realms of consummate felicity, and peace, and harmony, and love, be uninterrupted. It would be agreeable to your friends, if it could consist with the divine purpose, to have you live where they could enjoy your society. But we submit. The omnipotent Jehovah reigns, and orders every event; and 'shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Separations are necessary in this imperfect state; but they are transitory, compared to eternity. May we but obtain a seat at God's right hand, and we shall be abundantly repaid for every trial—every cross we may be called to endure, in this life, for the sake of Christ and his gospel."

To a friend under serious impressions, who was thought to be returning to a state of stupidity, she thus writes:—

December, 1825.

"*My dear L.*—You will permit me to use the utmost plainness of address, assured that it proceeds from love to your soul. I would inquire,—What are your present views and exercises on religious subjects? Do you feel that the salvation of the soul

is 'the one thing needful?' Do you realize that eternal consequences are involved in the manner in which this life is spent? that the improvement or missimprovement of one day, or even one hour, may decide your future destiny? Do you feel that you are a sinner, exposed to the righteous vengeance of a holy and justly offended God? And, under this apprehension, are you crying, with anxious solicitude,—'What must I do to be saved?'—'God be merciful to me, a sinner?' If such be the case, I would, with pleasing confidence, point you to the 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' I would remind you of the language of the compassionate Jesus himself; —'Him that cometh to me,' however desperate his case, 'I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' But, if your impressions are less vivid than those described—yet I hope you are not without some of the same kind of feelings —O do not give yourself any rest till your peace is made with God.

"The voice of mercy calls,—Repent; forsake your sins, and accept the terms of salvation, before the night of death shroud all your hope in the gloom of eternal despair. My dear L., think of the worth of the soul. Ponder on that word—eternity!

What is *eternity?* No mortal on earth can fully comprehend its import. Would you understand its meaning? Follow me, in your meditations, to the mansions of despair, and listen to what is there passing. What dismal sound strikes the ear?—'O wretched being! Why did I reject the counsel, which warned me of this doom, and entreated me to escape it? Why did I delay complying with the faithful instructions of my spiritual guide? Why did the tender admonitions of my pious parents produce no more effect on my obdurate heart? Alas, delay has proved my ruin. I never intended to come to this prison of wo. I designed *sometime* to repent and live a different life. But, provoked with my daring obstinacy, my incensed Sovereign suddenly cut me off from life and hope, and now I must forever sink beneath his fiery vengeance. *Forever!*—What pangs of keen anguish does that thought add to the bitterness of my torment! Could all the sufferings, which could be endured during millions of years, be heaped on my guilty head, and my release be thus procured, then a gleam of hope and joy would pervade my whole soul! But there is no such prospect, no such possibility. Oh, eternity! heart-rending thought. Worlds would be trifling in purchase for

one of those golden opportunities of mercy which I so often threw away. But 'worlds want wealth to buy' it back. Farewell, hope—farewell, peace—forever!' This is not a merely imaginary case. This sad lamentation has been taken up by many a lost sinner. Then let us view our opportunity of mercy of more value than the richest earthly treasure. Flee, without delay to Jesus. Trust in his atonement; renounce all hope in your own merits or exertions; believe, obey, and live; then that eternity, which is the completion of the lost sinner's wretchedness, will be the consummation of your joy."

The following are extracts of letters written to a brother.

March 1*st.* 1825.

* * * * "I am glad to learn that you have visited another missionary station, and doubt not but you were richly repaid for the labor and expense of the journey. It appears, from periodical accounts, that great improvements have been effected among those tribes of the forest, both as it respects their external and moral condition. I have recently perused, with much satisfaction, the Memoirs of Catherine Brown. What a

lovely example of the power of religion is exhibited in her character. May a large share of the spirit, which she possessed, rest on many a female of her nation, and not only on them, but on myself, and the young ladies of these enlightened States. I have been especially delighted with her humility and disinterested benevolence. Thank you sincerely, my brother, for the kind interest you have expressed in my intellectual improvement—for the useful hints you have given, and particularly for the list of books you have specified. With regard to novels, I once had an extravagant taste for them, and greedily devoured all I could find; but, since my mind has been seriously inclined, it has sought for substantial food, with entire disrelish for such light trash, as most works of that description. * * * * Those works of a religious nature, which you mention, I have perused to some extent, and add my testimony to their real, substantial worth. I am now reading Scott's Commentary on the Scriptures, in course. Our prospects of a religious nature, in this place, are brighter, at the present time, than they have been previously for years. An excitement began among us, the latter part of autumn. Meetings were held more frequently, and attended with solemnity. Soon it

appeared, that impressions existed on the minds of some who had been thoughtless and secure in sin. The work has advanced very gradually and silently, and numbers now give hopeful evidence of renewing grace." * * * *

January 13, 1826.

* * * * "How precious that religion of celestial birth, which can sustain the fainting spirit under the smarting wound of affliction, and blunt the sting of adversity—not by destroying feeling, but by refining and softening it, by the mollifying balm of divine consolation. * * * * The view of a spot which has been the scene of battle, must excite chilling and awful reflections. How many lives have been sacrificed, to gratify the ambition and avarice of men, whom the world stylcs *heroes!* They win their *crown*, but it is a corruptible one, and they are too often regardless how it will compare with that 'crown of life,' which will be conferred on the self-denying follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, when all the vain pageantry of earth shall have been lost in the general conflagration of nature. * * * * The view of Niagara, I can well imagine, was a pleasing and sublime spectacle. It would seem, that, in

beholding such a display of magnificence in nature, the mind would find a ready transition 'from nature up to nature's God.' But, so slow is the natural mind to trace the marks of Diety,—if it beholds him not in the revolution of the seasons in all their pleasing variety, and of day and night, in their utility and beauty,—it would not, probably, regard him in the most wonderful and sublime displays of his power and perfections in the works of nature. Yet such scenes, I should think, are calculated to produce, in the mind of the beholder, a train of profitable, pleasing, and devout reflections. * * * * Wherever Providence appoints your habitation, may it be where you may be instrumental of the most good, in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and winning souls to the obedience of faith in him. Compared with this glorious end, how does every other consideration dwindle into insignificance. 'He that turneth many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.' It is a glorious, a responsible trust, you have received. May you have grace so to execute your commission, that the blood of souls may never be found in the skirts of your garments! May Heaven direct you in all your way. * * * * I have perused the his-

tory of South America, and find it no less interesting than you described it to be. Yet it is melancholy to contemplate through what seas of blood, Cortez and Pizarro forced their way to dominion. Humanity shrinks at the cruelties perpetrated by the Spaniards on the unsuspecting natives, and sometimes experienced by themselves in return. Benevolence is chilled at the view of their perfidy and deceit. The feeling heart revolts at the civil wars, contentions, and commotions, in which they were constantly involved, for a long season, in the Peruvian conquest. Here is an exhibition of the human heart, in colors of ebon darkness. And such characters the holy Jesus beheld with pity, and poured out his life-blood to redeem. What miracles has divine grace wrought for our guilty race. How sweetly and with reverberated echo, the song of *redeeming love*, will resound though the hosts of the redeemed, during the ages of eternity." * * * *

March 9th, 1826.

"*Beloved Brother and Sister.*—How varying are the vicissitudes of this transitory, mortal scene! 'Joy and sorrow, light and shade,' are constantly mingled or attenuated. At one time, the sun of prosperity il-

lumines our path, and, for a few moments, all may be bright and gladsome. But, how soon are its rays obscured by adversity's threatening cloud—perhaps wholly intercepted by its overwhelming torrent! These several changes we were called to witness while you were with us the past season. But this train of reflection probably leads you to anticipate, that we may now adopt the language of the wise man,—'Though we live many years, and see good in them all, yet let us not forget the days of darkness, for they are many.' Compose your minds, dear brother and sister, and let the Hope of Israel be your support, your 'strong tower,' while I inform you, that she, whom you last summer saw clad in bridal garments, has now assumed the habiliments of the tomb. Yes, our dear sister B. has exchanged this vale of mortality, I trust, for a brighter world. This afternoon we have committed her remains to the dark and silent grave. Do you pause to weep? Jesus also wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus. *Our* tears have flowed copiously, and our hearts bled with anguish; but our grief is not like theirs that have no hope. I trust we have had a disposition to bless the Lord, our covenant

God, for the unspeakable favor vouchsafed to our beloved sister, and to us, in her dying exercises. But you will wish to know the particulars of her illness. * * * * We have now resigned her mortal part to the dust from whence it was taken, with the glorious hope, that it will be raised, incorruptible and glorious, when 'them that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him.' We feel deeply our loss, but we should be ungrateful to repine, or wish her back. She has gained that victory which yet remains for us to win. Thus you see our number no longer remains unbroken. Death has levelled his dart at one, and made her his prey. Soon there will be another, and another, and another, till we all shall sleep with her in the dust. May our spirits then rest with hers in the kingdom of our Redeemer. * * * * Our dear parents are much afflicted, and feel that the billows of the Almighty are passing over them, yet have strong consolation, and, I trust, can say,—'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I think none of us feel disposed to murmur, but rather to rejoice, in the goodness of God, though nature still grieves and mourns. May the same consolation be

yours, my dear brother and sister, and may we all be excited to more diligence, remembering the admonition,—'What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might,'"

CHAPTER III.

Her decision to accompany Mr. Allen to India.—Peculiar trials at the thought of parting with her friends, &c.

In the summer of 1827, a pressing call was made for a reinforcement to the missionary station at Bombay. Mr. Bardwell had been obliged to return home from that station on account of ill health, and Messrs. Newell, Nichols, Frost and Hall, had been removed from their labors by death. The mission was consequently languishing. To abandon so important a post in the midst of millions who were perishing in heathen darkness, was a disaster too great to be endured by the friends of missions. Mr. Stone had been some time ready to embark, and was waiting for some one to accompany him. On this emergency, Mr. David O. Allen, though he had not completed his studies in the Theological Seminary at Andover, was appointed to this service, and promptly accepted the appointment. He looked around for a kindred spirit, ready to sacrifice all that is most dear on earth for the honor of Christ and the enlargement of his kingdom. With the subject of

these memoirs, he had been acquainted for a number of years, and had often witnessed her moral worth.

The proposition for her to accompany him, came like an electric shock to her diffident and retiring mind. How could she deem herself qualified to enter upon so interesting and momentous an enterprise, and occupy a station so elevated among the people of God? How could she leave the beloved walks of her native retirement, and expose herself to public observation, to the scrutiny of friends, and the harsh judgment of enemies? How could she assume a responsibility so weighty as that which involved the success of an ambassador of Jesus among millions dying in their sins on the dusky plains of India.

How could she part with so many endeared friends and relatives? how could she endure to bid them a final adieu, with the prospect of never greeting them again on these shores of mortality? how leave a kind father, and an affectionate mother, enfeebled with disease, and venture, with her own feeble constitution, upon so great and hazardous an enterprise which, in all probability would shorten her days?

The writer distinctly remembers, how all these difficulties pressed upon her consid-

eration, at the time of forming a decision to comply with the proposal made her. He remembers with what collected firmness and trust in God, she weighed the question.

With the mind which she possessed, and the directions she sought, Myra Wood could not be long undecided. She had long felt a deep interest in the exertions made to extend the gospel to heathen nations. She had read and reflected much on the subject and it is believed few have brought to the consideration of this personal duty more knowledge of missionary operations. She saw that she was called, in divine providence, to a new sphere of action, and she could not, consistently refuse. She had given herself, her time, her talents, her all, to God, and she was willing to leave it with Him, to set the bounds of her habitation, and the measure of her days.

The state of her mind, at this time, may be learned from the following lines, written to a friend:—

"*My dear Mrs. W.*—Shall I tell you, I have received an invitation to participate in the labors, the self-denials, the joys, and sorrows of one who has consecrated his life to the cause of missions? You will not be

surprised that a subject of such solemn moment should prey on my spirits, for some days, to such a degree, as to deprive me of all relish for food, and almost deprive me of sleep. It was entirely unexpected, nor could the answer be long delayed. The gentleman to whom I refer, is Mr. A. He has recently had an application from the Board, to join the Bombay station, although his theological studies were not completed, and to go out in company with Mr. and Mrs. Stone. After deliberation, he has accepted; and shall I say, that I have concluded to accompany him? Will you think I have decided precipitately? It indeed threw me into a state of the deepest solicitude; but I think light has been shed on the subject, and duty appears plain. If I love the cause of missions, or desire the salvation of souls, can I object? No; I can cheerfully say, I will go. My friends, though not insensible to the sacrifice, are willing I should devote myself to this great, this glorious cause, and, though many obstacles have been thrown in my way, they have not proved insuperable. Yours, with Christian regard, M. W."

The following affecting passages were found entered in her journal:—

"*May* 1*st*.--I know not in what language to record the events of the past month. They have been such as almost to overwhelm me with perplexity. But I desire to bless God, that he has, if I rightly interpret the indications of his providence, shed light on my path, and shown me the way in which he would have me go; for I trust he has enabled me to lift up my soul to him for direction.

"And now I am decided. Yes; I will offer myself a living sacrifice, to assist, so far as he shall give ability, in the arduous labors of extending a knowledge of salvation to the heathen. And, in making this surrender, I feel most happy. Yes, I will bless my covenant God and Saviour, for the high privilege of enduring hardships and privations for him who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor. Yet, I know that his grace alone can sustain me. I would not trust to my own heart, nor neglect to count the cost. I would not—I trust I *do not*, rush into this work uncalled. No; from a view of the past and present circumstances of my life, I have no longer reason to doubt respecting duty.

'Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do.'

Grant, I pray thee, the aid of thy Spirit at all times; and, when trials arise, of which I can now form no conception, fulfil thy gracious promise,—'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Comfort the hearts of my near friends, now more than ever precious, and let the sacrifice they make be acceptable in thy sight, and their reward a hundred fold into their own bosoms.

"*May* 13*th.*—The time is now fast approaching, when, in the course of divine providence, I shall be called to bid a last adieu to all the beloved scenes and associations of early years,—my beloved parents, brothers, and sisters, and other relatives, and a dear and valued circle of friends. The sanctuary where my fathers worshipped, where I have been so often refreshed with divine consolations, and where I made my vows of solemn consecration to God, I must soon visit for the last time, and bid it farewell. My friends will still meet there, and often perhaps, the sigh will arise, on viewing my vacant seat. The thought of what my friends will suffer in their feelings, is quite as affecting as that of my own privations. But I would bless God, that most of them know where to go for consolation, and enjoy the hope of a happy meeting in that blessed region, where separations are

unknown. And I ardently hope, we shall all find this trial promote our advance in holiness and conformity to the divine requirements."

The succeeding lines, addressed to an absent female friend, were written about this time.

"I go, my friend, where heathens dwell;
Then, if on earth we meet no more,
Accept this cordial, short farewell,
Till we shall meet on Canaan's shore.

"Pity, I know, inspires thy breast
For India's daughters; thou wouldst give,
Cheerful, a sister's last behest,
To bid these wretched females—live.

"Then, though the springs of sorrow rise
At parting,—mutual, too, shall glow
A blended pleasure in our eyes,
While *thou*, with joy, wilt bid *me* go.

"And thee, my friend, may heaven delight
To guide in paths of usefulness;
Thy last scene gild with purest light,
Then may'st thou rest in endless peace.

"There may *we* meet, and sing, and tell,
The wonders wrought by conquering grace;
No more pronounce the sad farewell,
But ever swell the notes of praise."

CHAPTER IV.

Letters, &c. written in America.

THE deep interest which the subject of this Memoir took in the spiritual interests of her acquaintance may be learned by the following extracts from her letters. She appeared intent on doing good to every one over whom she could exert any influence, and cheerfully seized every opportunity presented for this purpose. The correspondence with Miss G. commenced before that lady was a hopeful subject of grace. She subsequently experienced religion, and now occupies an interesting station in the church.

Sept. 27th. 1823.

"*Respected and beloved Friend.*—The last social interview I enjoyed with you at H. excited in my mind a desire that our acquaintance which, though short, to me has been pleasant, might be continued; and a belief that a cultivation of it by written correspondence, would be not only pleasant, but improving.

"I cannot for a moment doubt the sincerity of your expressions, uttered appa-

rently in the frankness and simplicity of truth, informing me that religion appeared to you to be that all-important subject, demanding our earliest attention and most diligent search. With pleasure then I will fix on this which, among various others presenting themselves for our consideration, is of paramount interest on account of its own intrinsic value, and of the awful and sublime realities it presents to view.

"Oh how lost to the most serene joys and delightful anticipations, are those who treat this subject with neglect. And how grateful ought we to be, if divine grace has inclined us to attend to it now in the days of our youth. This alone can make us to differ; for the natural bias of our inclinations is to "evil only and that continually." Yes, it is through riches of sovereign grace, that any ever have, or ever will enter the New Jerusalem; for all by nature choose the broad road of sin and death. Scripture plainly declares this truth, and surely it is abundantly confirmed by the experience of all who are enlightened by the Spirit of God.

"That friendship which is founded on the basis of christian affection is of all others the most pure, exalted, and endearing. May I not hope, that this divine principle

shall cement our hearts in its bonds, that it shall flourish in this unfriendly clime, nourished under the effulgent beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and finally be perfected in the regions of consummate bliss;

> "Where Jesus sheds the mildest beams
> Of his o'erflowing grace."

"In the first place, let us be sure that we enter by the "door" into the fold of the good Shepherd. Christ informs us of some who climb up some other way, whom he calls "thieves and robbers." Have we then experienced that change of heart without which his gospel declares, none shall enter the kingdom of heaven? Have we that godly sorrow for sin that worketh repentance unto salvation? Do we hate sin because it is offensive to a just and holy God? Are we willing to renounce it, deny ourselves, take up the cross and follow Christ? Do we love the character of the Saviour, and do we cheerfully and heartily submit ourselves to his disposal, trusting in his atoning sacrifice and perfect righteousness as our only hope of pardon and salvation. I long to hear, my friend, that you are rejoicing in hope. You appeared, when I conversed with you, to have a just view of the evil nature of sin, and of the

necessity of a thorough renovation of heart. Perhaps, ere this, you have satisfactory evidence of an interest in that precious Saviour who shed his own blood for the redemption of the guilty, to whom mercy on no other terms could be granted. He is now exalted to give redemption and remission of sins, and none, however vile, who come to him, shall be cast out. He invites, yea, commands us to come to him, and dreadfully aggravated must be our doom if we refuse. On the other hand, blessings unnumbered, 'unspeakable, divine,' await us if we obey.

"I have been informed of your return to H. for the purpose of pursuing your favorite employment. May you have the satisfaction of seeing your pupils delight in the paths of literature, and may the instructions you are enabled to give them, guide their tender minds to virtue and religion. I have often reflected on the situation of instructors of children and youth as involving peculiar responsibility. Immortal souls are committed to their care, and characters are to be formed by them for eternity. To God they are amenable for their manner of instructing both by precept and example. Blessed indeed will they be, who shall receive the plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

"*Sabbath Morning.*—With pleasure may we hail the return of this sacred, delightful Sabbath, and though distant from each other, may our devotions and praises arise in unison with all the saints, as incense before the throne, acceptable through the mediation of our great High Priest and Intercessor. How unspeakable the condescension which permits worms of the dust to hold communion with the great Supreme, the everlasting God! But shortly these services must be exchanged for the songs of the redeemed, or the wailings of eternal despair. How important that we live in constant readiness for death. What do we lose, if we come short of Heaven! 'What shall it profit, should we gain the whole world, and *lose our own souls!*' What satisfaction can a recollection of the honors and pleasures of the world afford in the dreary mansions of woe? Oh! they would but augment the gnawings of 'the worm that never dies.' But how joyful in the regions of bliss must be the recollection of opportunities for usefulness faithfully improved. Let such considerations animate us to diligence in securing our own salvation, and in striving to promote the spiritual interests of those around us.

Yours in the bonds of affection.

Miss G. M. W."

Oct. 18th, 1824.

My beloved Miss G.—Permit me to inquire with tender solicitude, how prosper the interests of religion with you? I have a pleasing confidence, that this will not be deemed an impertinent question, but one which involves the most sublime and interesting concerns of life. I was much gratified to learn that your mind continues to be exercised with this subject, though it would still more have gladdened my heart to have heard, that you were rejoicing in hope. Religion with its duties and prospects is not calculated to fill the mind with gloom and despondency. Far otherwise, it expands and ennobles the faculties, it tends to regulate, refine and purify the affections, restrain the passions, and promote a spirit of benevolence to man, and resignation to God. Delightful, heavenly power! Let us choose her for our friend. Then will she prove a sweetener of all our joys in life, a guide in every emergency, a support under every trial, and a convoy to mansions of eternal peace. But alas, how many reject this proffered aid. How many can listen to the recital of their awful condition while living in sin, to their momentary exposure to the wrath of an angry God, can hear too the strains of mercy sweetly inviting them to forsake the ways of transgression

and folly, and live; and Jesus pleading with them by all the eloquence of compassion and dying love to close in with the offers of salvation—and still remain unmoved. O the obduracy and rebellion of the natural heart. * * * *

"What a solemn idea is it, that we are *immortal beings*, created for an endless existence either of happiness consummate, or woe inexpressible. Our probationary state is short, and will be soon, perhaps suddenly, closed. Is it not then the part of wisdom to be in readiness to appear before our omniscient Judge, 'to receive according to the deeds done in the body?' You observed in your letter, that you sometimes thought if your engagements afforded you more leisure you should attend to this subject with greater earnestness, at the same time ingenuously requesting me to point out to you your errors. To this task, so numerous are my own failings, I feel quite inadequate. However the confidence you have been pleased to repose in me, involves peculiar obligations to be faithful so far as my capacity will admit. I would then suggest, that every other interest should be sacrificed to that of our souls. Admit that the engagements of which you inform me, were urgent and such as duty requires you

to fulfil; yet we should strive to redeem time to devote to the study of the scriptures, of our own hearts, and to perform the duties we owe ourselves and our Creator. We should give ourselves no rest, until we have a good evidence that our hearts are indeed renewed by divine grace, until in the Saviour we behold by faith 'the Beloved of our souls,' 'the Chief among ten thousands, the one altogether lovely.' May I soon receive the joyful intelligence that this is your happy state. O, cast yourself on the Saviour without reserve, and immediately, even before you close this letter. But perhaps you have already found peace in believing. If so, let me congratulate your happy lot. Angels will tune their harps anew, and shout the victories of their conquering Prince. They will delight to be your attendants, to watch your footsteps, and guard you from every ill. Who would not choose their portion with the followers of the Lord, though their path be rugged, and attended with self-denial, perhaps with persecution and scorn.

Yours with much affection,

Miss G. M. W."

Feb. 15*th* 1825.

My dear Friend. * * * * * Yes, I have

been in a state of impenitence, and long did I persevere in a course of rebellion. Long did the dear Saviour knock for admittance at the door of my heart, before I would receive the heavenly guest. Long even after being convinced of my wretched state, I remained in a despondent frame of mind, frequently fearing the blessed hope of the gospel never would be mine. But I obtained grace to form the resolution, that the pursuit of it should end only with life. At length, I trust the Saviour by his own almighty power broke the bolt of my heart, and took possession of his rightful dominion, followed by his attendant train, light, love, peace, and joy. Oh that I could say I had never grieved the blessed Comforter to withdraw his cheering presence. Be persuaded from my experience never to despair of obtaining a hope in the Saviour. Only resolve to make it the first object of pursuit, seek with your whole heart, relying on divine aid, and assuredly you *will* obtain. You feel sinful, but I fear you do not see the extent of your guilt. Could we, my friend, have a full view of all our sinfulness, without a correspondent view of the ability and willingness of Jesus to save, the sight would undoubtedly sink us in the lowest depths of despair. Has not our Crea-

tor justly required a perfect conformity to his holy law from the first dawn of reason, and yet in what instance have we perfectly obeyed? Have we not resisted the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and as it were, trampled under foot the bleeding love, the dying agonies of the Son of God? While he has waited to be gracious till "his head was wet with dew and his locks with the drops of the night," have we not often pierced afresh those bleeding wounds, and grieved the tenderness which yearned over us, refusing to surrender our affections, and harboring in our breasts the viper, sin? Is not this enough to fill us with shame and heart-felt penitence! Shall we not now repair to him with tears of godly sorrow, and plead that our flinty hearts may be softened, and that from *this moment* we may place him on the throne of our affections?

Again adieu,

Miss G. M. W."

The following expression of her feelings on hearing of the conversion of her friend, will not appear surprising to those who have had similar occasions of joy.

"*May* 17*th* 1827.

"And has my dear Miss G. chosen the Saviour for her portion? Has she resolved

to renounce the delusive toys of earth, the applause of mortals, for the self-denying duties of a holy life, and the reproaches of the cross of Christ? Oh happy, glorious exchange! If it be indeed thus, angels in heaven have rejoiced and saints have joined the strain. My beloved friend, *I* have rejoiced with lively emotions of gratitude; yes, and I still rejoice, and may I have abundant occasion to rejoice in the promotion of the Saviour's glory through your means.

"But you fear deception. I am glad you do. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." Every christian, and surely the young convert, has need to watch his heart continually with a jealous eye, to be much in prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to be humble, and to esteem others better than himself. If truly enlightened by the Spirit of God, we must have self-abasing views; sin will appear odious and hateful, and we shall view *our own sins* with as little lenity as those of others. Christ will appear the essence of loveliness; holiness desirable in its very nature. Often shall we be grieved for our aberrations from duty, and as often

repair to the fountain of cleansing. In ourselves we shall feel justly exposed to the wrath of an incensed Sovereign. But in Jesus we shall behold a remedy for our otherwise inveterate disease. Faith embraces his prescriptions, and the wounded conscience finds sweet relief.

"You desire me, should I discover the marks of self-deception, to point them out to you. This would be the kindest office of friendship, however painful; but, my friend, you must be faithful to yourself and to your God, and I firmly believe, he will not leave you to a fatal mistake. O no, go to the Bible with an unprejudiced mind, peruse it impartially and prayerfully, resolving to mould your life by its spirit, and Jesus will discover himself mighty to redeem, to enlighten, to save. Have you indeed cast your soul on him? Then you have found a place of safety. The tempest of divine wrath will never reach one who has reposed beneath the shadows of this rock.

"Can you sincerely say, I do love this Saviour, and am determined to serve him? Then you have evidence, that you love what you once hated, for the natural heart is enmity against God; and that the bent

of your mind is wholly changed, for all seek their own and not the things of Jesus Christ. * * * *

Your truly affectionate
MYRA."

A similar plainness and fidelity characterizes the following, written to another friend.

"*May* 31*st*, 1823.

"*My dear M.*—Your request at our parting was, that I should write soon, and my own inclination urges a compliance. It is a matter of rejoicing to me, that you feel so great a degree of composure and resignation to the affliction with which you have been visited. The Lord grant that it may be the means of leading you to a more thorough search into your own heart and into the duties you owe your Maker; and may the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit be granted you, that you may not rest till you have experienced that spiritual change without which no one of Adam's apostate race can enter the kingdom of heaven.

"It affords me no small degree of satisfaction to be informed, that your mind has been seriously impressed by the solemn

providences with which our town has been visited, and that, as you inform me, I have been the humble instrument of deepening those impressions in some degree. This is a favor of which I feel utterly unworthy—to God be all the praise.

"I have for a considerable time felt particularly anxious for your spiritual welfare, and was encouraged to think you were so yourself; but when informed you had joined the party for the pleasure-ride last winter, (you will excuse me, I write for your eye alone and the subject was first introduced by yourself,) I must frankly confess I felt disappointed and grieved. Such a place and such society are calculated to dissipate serious reflections, and banish the strivings of the Holy Spirit. But supposing no harm were to be anticipated in these respects, countenance and courage would be given to others, and the hands of the thoughtless would be strengthened. I had hoped to see my dear M. discountenancing such pursuits, and decidedly preferring the company of the serious and truly pious.

"But I am pleased to find you are convinced of the vanity of such amusements; and that you express a desire to become experimentally acquainted with the sublime, the substantial, the lasting pleasures of re-

ligion. It is a noble desire; may it never be checked, but cherished and increased. Be encouraged to persevere. Every consideration worthy of attention urges to this course. Could I acquaint you with the supports and consolations, religion (if indeed I know any thing of its power) has afforded me under the anxieties, trials and discouragements attendant on a situation like that in which I have been recently placed, I think you would consider it an ample compensation for the reproaches and sneers of proud scoffers, and all the sacrifices you might make in a life of piety.

"The heart is so depraved, that a sight of it, accompanied with a true sense of sin and its infinite demerit, is truly distressing and humiliating. But shall we on this account be willing to continue blindly insensible to our situation? Does not this consideration urge the importance of an acquaintance with it; for while ignorant of the disease we shall not be disposed to apply for the remedy. True, the religion of Jesus exposes its possessor to the taunts and hatred of the ungodly. 'Because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world,' says Christ, 'therefore the world hateth you.' But what are these in comparison with the everlasting joys which

await the righteous, or the never-ending torments the wicked must endure in those regions of despair, where no hope will ever penetrate, no friendly voice be heard to soothe the bitter pangs of remorse, where discord, wailing and blasphemy shall reign with perpetual sway. Oh, the inconceivable worth of an immortal soul, and the folly of those who misimprove the precious season of probation! Will not my dear M. resolve by divine aid, that she will not be allured by the specious appearances of worldly honors or pleasures to defer another moment the work of preparation for eternity? Do not hesitate to appear decided and resolute in seeking an interest in Christ.

"With affectionate desire for your best interests, I am yours, MYRA."

To the same person she wrote on another occasion as follows:

"*My dear, dear Miss R.*—By a sudden and unexpected stroke, you have been bereaved of a dear earthly parent. He who has been the guide and protector of your youthful days, now sleeps beneath the clods of the valley. I mention not this to affect you and open afresh your wounds; but to

direct your attention to the voice of providence speaking to you this solemn admonition, 'Be ye also ready.' In this instance it is strikingly manifest, that 'in such an hour as we think not the Son of man cometh.' Yes, and the voice of mercy too is heard sweetly inviting you, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' Encouraging promises are these surely, and be assured, my friend, the gracious Redeemer is now addressing this language to you. He now addresses you in strains of melting tenderness to come and make trial of his mercy. 'He doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.' No, he doth it in mercy that they may be inclined to think on their ways and turn to him, that they may forsake the pursuits of vanity, and seek for substantial joys, untiring pleasures, in communion with the Father of spirits. It is the exhortation of the wise man, 'In the day of adversity consider.' O my dear friend, it is the earnest desire and, I trust, fervent prayer of your M. and many others, that you may cherish the Holy Spirit and not grieve Him to withdraw his gentle influences, lest He should never return. Now is a favorable time for

you to embrace the offers of mercy, and secure to yourself present peace, and eternal felicity. To-morrow may be too late.

'The *now* that flies, may be the last;
Sure the salvation, ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone.'

Your sincerely affectionate
M. W."

The ardor of Mrs. A's piety was evinced by the lively interest she ever manifested in the prosperity of the church. She was engaged in unwearied efforts to revive religion among its professors. Of this a few sentences, selected from a multitude directed to them, may suffice.

"*My beloved Sisters*,—A few of us have enjoyed a female meeting for social prayer this eve—I have had my feelings considerably excited in view of surrounding stupidity; but still more have I been grieved for that which has existed, must I say, yet exists, in my own heart. It is perfectly astonishing, absolutely inconsistent, that one should bear the christian name, and in a day like this profess to have felt the worth of the never dying soul, and yet feel so little concern for the salvation of those who are perishing

in sin. Casting our eye over the narrow tract of time, the dim shades of eternity press upon the vision of faith, and what further can it descry? The tribunal of Jehovah—the sinner arraigned before a holy God with all his guilt crowding upon his memory—filling him with consternation—the keenest anguish and despair visible in his very look. And who is this sinner; Oh! can we discern the features of a friend, a relative in his countenance? Heart-rending thought! But hark! does he address us as he turns his steps towards the prison of woe? What is his language? 'Had you been faithful, I might have escaped this doom. Had you walked with God, led a life of faith and prayer, and exhibited constantly a consistent example, I might have been induced to embrace the religion you professed: now all is lost, forever lost.'

"Behold the judgment spread, and what account shall we give? My friends, the reality has not yet arrived, but it shortly will. Oh, how shall we best fill our station. In looking on the past, I know not what to do, but take the posture and adopt the words of the publican, *God be merciful to me a sinner.* Pray for *me.* Pray for the church. Pray for the impenitent. Pray for the youth in our schools, and those who instruct them.

We walk in the midst of snares. 'Lord, teach me what thou wouldst have me to do,' should be our language hourly. I hope that next ——, if it finds us on probationary ground, will find us wrestling like Jacob and like Israel prevailing. Adieu."

"I do think I never felt more deeply the worth of the soul, or the importance of working while the day lasts. I feel particularly anxious for the children and youth around me, and am looking with lively interest to the commencement of the Sabbath school. Can we live without a revival? O *can* we? If so, how many immortals must perish. O let us awaken and wrestle and plead and do what we can!"

"When one christian catches the flame of divine love, it is certainly a duty to communicate it, and if but a word be spoken or one line written, the Spirit may condescend to bestow the blessing. Have we not now occasion to excite each other to prayer and praise. Can we not discern something unusual in the signs of the times for this place? Are christians awaking? I must tell you I was delighted with our interim meeting, and ready to hope for happy results. O let us intercede for a copious shower of grace here. Let us pray much for professing

christians, that all may have a spirit of revival. Our work will be shortly closed. May we then be judiciously active while the day lasts. The degree of health I now enjoy is a favor which calls for lively gratitude. It is beyond what I expected, and ought to be a constant motive to diligence. Still life appears to me a vapor. Oft am I reminded of its fleetness by finding a new channel of grief opened. But our Father wounds his children for their good. This must silence every murmur."

The following lines were presented to an intimate friend who was expecting soon to engage in a foreign mission :

"Disciple of the cross,
Yes, go, by pure motives influenced,
That spring from real faith, and daily show
How Jesus lived; thy loved and loving Lord.
Go, copy his humility, his zeal
To glorify his Father, his contempt
'Of vain, base earth.' Yes, happy favorite,
Go plant the Rose of Sharon in that soil,
Where nature's wild yields a luxuriant growth
Of deleterious weeds—idolatry,
Ignorance, superstition, cruelty.
Go, tell the wretched Pagan of a Saviour,
And thine the pleasure be, to see his heart,
His stony heart, melting with soft contrition
At the recital of *Redeeming love.*
Won by the sweet, constraining eloquence,
Lo! he is weeping at the cross of Calvary.
His hopes all cluster there. His countenance beams

With joy seraphic; and his heart *now* glows
With the pure ardent flame of quenchless love.
Yes, if to such a work thy Saviour call thee,
A friend will bid thee go. Yes, cheerfully
Obey the sovereign mandate. He hath said
I never will forsake thee: no, *never*.
He will not leave thee comfortless. He'll guide
Thy weary steps and oft refresh thy soul
With Hope's bright vision of eternal rest.

And though the sigh of friendship oft arise
O'er thy loved mem'ry for her tender ties,
Her sweetly cherished cords will thus be riven;
Yet 'twill be quickly hush'd. The separation
Is only for a little season. Soon
Life's labors ended—death's dark waters past
And kindred spirits meet—to part no more;
Where pure, unsullied friendship ceaseless reigns,
Cemented by indissoluble bonds—
While heaven's high arches loud resound
With their reverberated songs of praise."

In the spring of 1826, the subject of this Memoir was called to lament the sudden death of a beloved sister, respecting whom she furnished the following obituary for publication.

"During a time of religious excitement eight years since, she was a subject of awakening and Christian hope, and publicly professed her faith in Jesus. From that time forward, she manifested a steady attachment to the doctrines of grace, was uniformly an assistant in the instruction of the Sabbath school; and in the recent work of

grace with which that people have been favored, she discovered a deep interest. During much of her short illness which terminated her earthly existence, she was delirious; but in her more lucid intervals appeared calm, tranquil, and submissive. For several days preceding her decease, her delirium had so increased, that her friends were apprehensive she would be unable to express her views of an opening eternity; but to the praise of a prayer-hearing God be it recorded, in her dying moments her mental faculties were perfectly restored; and though it was with much difficulty she could converse, in answer to questions proposed to her, she was enabled to speak of the preciousness of Christ, exhort her friends to be faithful, recommend religion to others, and wish those destitute of it, to be warned from her to embrace it immediately. After remaining silent some minutes, she exclaimed, 'I long to be gone.' She commended her companion, with whom she had but a short period enjoyed the endearments of the conjugal relation, to the grace of God in an audible voice, prayed that he might not deceive himself, confessed her unworthiness, pleaded mercy alone, and seemed to commit herself into the hands of her Saviour. She then articulated 'Fare-

well, fare ye well'—sunk into the cold embrace of death, and breathed her soul, we trust, into the bosom of Jesus. Her bereaved companion and a large circle of relatives and friends, deeply feel their loss; but they have strong consolation in the belief, that 'to depart and be with Christ' was for her 'far better' than to remain with them. Impenitent sinner, will you suffer the word of affectionate exhortation? Can you find in the temporary, empty pleasures of sense, an enjoyment that can balance the support which the religion of Jesus can impart to its possessor in a dying hour, and the consolation which a triumph over death and the grave can afford to the survivors of dear, deceased friends? Do not the thoughts of death and eternity sometimes appal you with chilling fear, and deprive you even of that short lived pleasure? Oh then listen to the voice that addresses you from this dying bed, and from the silent tomb—sincerely repent,—renounce your sins and give yourselves to the service of your Saviour. Then shall you enjoy a permanent peace—a peace which the cold hand of death cannot destroy, and which eternity shall perfect.

Disciple of Jesus, let this renewed instance of the triumph of faith in a dying hour, quicken thy zeal, and encourage thy

perseverance in the path of duty. Soon thou too shalt pass these dark waters, but let thy faith apprehend the promise 'They shall not overflow thee.' 'Be thou faithful unto death,' and thou shalt receive 'a crown of life.'"

The following note to a friend may well excite other christians to greater activity and zeal in the service of their divine Master.

"*My dear E.*—Are not the motives set before us this morning, sufficient to arouse all the dormant energies of the christian? or rather *can* a christian's energies be dormant? Surely not while in the exercise of gracious affections. But where are we? involved in worldly cares and plans for future life? If it be thus with us who have professed to find our chief happiness in God, and to whom the unbelieving world are justly looking for examples; the question, why the impenitent are careless about the awfully interesting realities so often placed before them, is at once solved. If we who profess so deep an interest in the realities of eternity, feel so little, why need they trouble themselves? Such an inference they will readily draw. Oh how dreadful, should their blood be required at our hands!

"Oh my dear sister, it is vastly important that we fill our stations with usefulness. How heart-rending will be the reflection in the dying hour, and in eternity, that we have buried our talent in the earth. The precious *now* that flies is the time to prevent this unhappy issue of things. Let us think of the inexpressible music of that plaudit from our Judge, '*Well done*,' &c. The period is not distant, when we shall hear this, or its awful counterpart, '*Depart ye cursed*.' May we profit by the instructions of to-day, and ever exhibit in our conduct the temper of Jesus. My heart yearns over past coldness and present indifference. What shall be done? Will my friend pray for Myra? Let us mutually wrestle at the throne of mercy for a spirit of prayer to pervade our own hearts, and those of every member of this church. O for that benevolence which has been represented as so necessary to christian experience; that tenderness of compassion for sinners, which shall lead us to weep in secret places for them with anguish of spirit. Then shall we be prepared to speak to them on the subject of their salvation.

Your affectionate M."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Allen's ordination.—Her marriage and interesting manner of taking leave of the children and youth in her father's neighborhood.

Less than two months were allowed for completing the preparations for the contemplated voyage. In this, we might suppose that all would be hurry and perturbation—that the mind, distracted with a multiplicity of cares, would be incapable of fixing deliberately on any subject. But it was not so with our lamented friend. She was never more calm and collected. With a serenity and cheerfulness, bespeaking a firmness of purpose, and trust in God, truly surprising to all her friends, she went forward with the necessary preparations. Her faith received a new impulse, and gathered fresh vigor in proportion to her exigencies.

Towards the last of May, 1827, the ordination of Mr. Allen took place in Westminster. Mr. Stone and wife, destined to the same mission, were present. A numerous audience listened, with breathless silence, to these parting solemnities. Every thing

earthly seemed to fade and be forgotten, in view of the concerns of eternity. The worth of undying souls, the millions perishing for lack of vision, the self-devotion of these servants of the Most High, who were offering themselves living sacrifices to the Redeemer, the moral dignity and grandeur of the missionary enterprize, the separation of endeared friends, to meet again at the judgment seat of Christ, were considerations which gave a thrilling interest to the occasion. Almost the whole of the vast assembly was melted into tears, so deeply interesting and affecting was the scene. Few felt the excitement more than the choir of singers, among whom the subject of these memoirs had long been a valued and leading member. She now occupied a conspicuous place among them for the last time. Her sweet voice, and meek and dignified deportment, diffused an inexpressible charm over the performances, as though an angel had come down to aid in them with more than mortal strains. While the services were closing with the following ode, composed for the occasion, the effect appeared overwhelming :—

"Hark! 'tis Zion's King commanding;
Sons of men, attend and hear:—
'Go, ye heralds, preach my gospel;
Teach all nations far and near;

Offer pardon, offer pardon;
Bid the world my name to fear.

"'Go to earth's remotest region,
Teach the gentiles how to pray;
Spread your banners; rally round them;
Lo, I'm with you night and day.
Let not danger, let not pleasures,
Let not seas obstruct your way.'

"Lord, behold, among thy heralds,
One in heavenly armor shine—
One that's heard thy sacred mandate,
And obeys thy voice divine—
Who stands ready, humbly waiting,
T' execute thy great design.

"Go, dear brother, brave the ocean;
Plant the cross on India's shore.
May the God of consolation
Guide your feet forevermore.
Take our blessing, take our blessing,
Till we meet to part no more.

"Yet there's one—(O spare that anguish!)
Better, far, a mute farewell.
Must thou go?—Yes, Jesus calls thee;
Zion's daughter, then, farewell!
Go to India.—Angels, guard her!
Land her safe on Canaan's hill."

The solemn impressions of many were too vivid to be ever effaced from their memories. They will retain them, with increasing freshness and gratitude, to the day of their death; for they were impressions which conspired in rousing them from spiritual slumber, and bringing them to a cheerful submission to Christ.

On the 28th of May, her marriage with Mr. Allen was consummated at her father's house, amidst a numerous circle of friends and relatives.

About this time, Mrs. A., intent on seizing and improving every opportunity of benefiting her friends and acquaintance, assembled the children and youth in her father's neighborhood, to give them her parting counsels, and take her final leave. With the little group gathered around her, and a heart overflowing with benevolent desires for their salvation, she invited them to Jesus. She drew a contrast between their condition and that of the degraded heathen, and besought them to seek shelter for their souls beneath the cross of Christ. By the dying, melting love of the Redeemer, by their obligations to their Maker, by their regard for their present and future welfare, and their esteem for their departing friend, she urged them to defer a preparation to meet their God no longer.

Have you ever witnessed the intense earnestness of the dying Christian, pleading with endeared friends to secure, immediately, their immortal interests? Have you ever listened to one who felt that the present was the last opportunity—who realized, too, that eternal consequences were pending,

and who summoned all his powers to give efficacy to the last effort he could ever make to save the lost from interminable ruin? Such was now the effort of our friend.

Let the youthful reader remember, that the motives she employed might be addressed, with equal force, to him. Your salvation is no less important and urgent, than that of the youths whom Mrs. A. so tenderly and faithfully instructed and admonished.

A friend, who was present, and witnessed what passed on the above-mentioned occasion, has kindly furnished the following remarks respecting it:—

"The effect was great. It seemed like one speaking to us from another world. Every heart was melted. Every eye was suffused with tears. Many wept aloud, and it seemed as if they could not leave the house until they had secured an interest in that religion which had been so faithfully and affectionately recommended to them. It seemed to be the language of their hearts, —Shall our dear friend sacrifice so much to go and tell the heathen of a Saviour, and *we* have no interest in this Saviour? Shall she be the instrument, in the hands of God, of saving their souls, and we, here, in this Christian land, perish in our sins? My own

feelings were about equally balanced between hope and fear. I hoped that what had been said would produce an abiding effect, and result in the salvation of many of this interesting and intelligent circle of youth. I feared that the feeling then produced, would prove to be only the effect of sympathy, and that the youth would again relapse into a state of thoughtlessness and vanity. But it was not many days before hope began to prevail over fear. One had indulged a hope of pardon through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. Others were anxiously inquiring to know what they must do to be saved. The work of God soon became general through the vicinity. It was a day of mercy, when all were constrained to say, that God had visited them of a truth. The result was, that almost all, who had arrived at the period termed youth, became pious, and united with the people of the Lord. When I last visited the place, I found, that, of the thirty-seven, comprising about the whole of those who were present on the occasion which I have mentioned, thirty were professedly the children of God. Your affectionate friend, F. H."

Not far from a hundred in the town became the hopeful subjects of divine grace,

within a few months. A minister, in a letter sent to her after her arrival in India, observes, —"You will have heard, I dare say, that, since your departure, there has been great attention to religion, in Westminster, and that the fitting out of the mission is considered as the instrumental cause of producing it." —"Your heart has been rejoiced ere this," observes another correspondent, "to hear of the glorious revival in W. You will remember the meeting you attended at ——, when you conversed with most who were present. That meeting, I doubt not, will be remembered in heaven, by many people in that neighborhood. I feared, then, that the feelings, apparently excited by what you said, would soon subside. But God caused them to end in the settled conviction, and, I trust, real conversion, of many souls."

These facts abundantly manifest, that the churches at home lose nothing by sending some of their best members to the dark places of the earth. Probably Mrs. A.'s departure did more good in her native town, than all she would have accomplished, had she continued there during the ordinary period of human life. This is a consoling consideration to the church and her friends, who mourn her early exit, and a signal fulfilment of the divine promises:—"He that

watereth shall be watered also himself:"—"Scatter thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days:"—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty."

CHAPTER VI.

Embarkation.—Extracts from her journal during her voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. A., together with Mr. Stone and wife, and Miss Farrar, embarked at Boston for Calcutta, on the 6th of June, 1827, destined to the mission at Bombay.

It is a happy circumstance, that Mrs. A. was enabled to commit to writing the interesting events of her life. How she could have written so much, amid the ever-changing scenes, and perplexing labors and cares, which must have claimed her attention after reaching the place of her destination, must be a mystery to persons of less industry and activity of mind. As many of our readers are unacquainted with the incidents and dangers of a voyage at sea, copious extracts will here be given from the journal before us. It will likewise serve most effectually to show the sacrifices made, and the perils encountered, by many a dear missionary of the cross, from love to Christ and immortal souls. Her journal, ever after embarking, was directed to her parents, and

designed for their comfort. It is most affectionately dedicated to them, in the following manner:—

"*Saturday, June 9th*, 1827.

"*My dear Parents*,—I well know the solicitude you feel for me is great, and probably not a day will pass, for a long time, without your thinking of the voyage I am now accomplishing, with deep felt emotions. My brothers and sisters, and Christian friends, whom I have left behind, will also participate in the same feeling. Probably, could we enjoy any medium of communication, much of this anxiety might be relieved. This pleasure, however, we cannot now have; but, when the time for it does arrive, the long suspense, in which you have been held, will not diminish the satisfaction it will afford you, to learn the incidents that have occurred, together with such reflections as are suggested to my mind, and I may deem interesting to you. Whatever I can do to administer, in the least, to your gratification, most gladly would I perform. Let me, then, in the first place, assure you, that distance can never abate the strength of that filial affection which now glows in my breast, and breathes forth fervent supplications, as often as the hour of devotion

returns, that the richest blessings of providence and grace may be yours, and abound to your inward comfort, edification, and peace. O may your declining days be serene and heavenly, your death happy and triumphant, and your eternity glorious.

"On Monday evening we attended the monthly concert at Park Street, where we received our public instructions. The meeting was opened with singing the following hymn, the 500th of the Village Collection:

'Kindred, and friends, and native land,
How shall we say farewell?
How, when our swelling sails expand,
How will our bosoms swell!

Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,
And tender ties, we know;
But love, more strong than death, unites
To him that bids us go.

Thus, when our every passion moved,
The gushing tear-drop starts,
The cause of Jesus, more beloved,
Shall glow within our hearts.

The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
Where he is yet unknown,
Might waft us to the distant poles,
Or to the burning zone.

With the warm wish our bosoms swell,
Our glowing powers expand;
Farewell—then we can say—farewell,
Our friends, our native land.'

At the close of the exercises, the 499th hymn was sung :—

'Go, ye héralds of salvation,
Go, proclaim 'redeeming blood,'' &c.

These strains will long retain their impression on my heart, as well as ear.

"The next morning, we repaired to the vessel, attended by a large number of people, who thus expressed their interest in the cause of missions. Soon after our friends had left the vessel, she was loosed from the wharf, and fell off a little distance, while they stood to wave us a last adieu. She was soon anchored, for want of favorable winds, and lay till the next morning. A fine breeze then sprang up, which wafted us rapidly along, so that before night we could no longer discern land, but found ourselves surrounded by one vast expanse of water.

"The impressions produced by so many recent farewells, and the idea of catching the last glimpse of features so long familiar to me, the last articulations of voices dear to me from childhood, as well as of those numerous, more remote friends, who manifested their sympathy and affectionate kindness in so many ways,—you will not doubt, were those of a pensive cast. It was, in-

deed, painful to sever those tender ties that bind me to my friends and country, and often did I struggle to repress the starting tear. Yet the sacrifice was one my heart approved, and I was usually enabled to preserve a calm composure.

"*Saturday evening.*—We have thus far enjoyed good health, and are now four or five hundred miles from Boston.

"With regard to sea-sickness, Mr. Allen and myself have been remarkably favored. We have not wholly escaped, yet we have not lost more than two or three meals, nor thrown up our food but few times, though we have taken the precaution to live lightly. The captain calls me the *best sailor*, in this respect, for a fresh one, he had ever seen.

"We feel much cause of gratitude, that our heavenly Parent is dealing so gently with us in this instance. For all his mercies may we never want a heart to be thankful; in his service, may we ever find our happiness, our joy, our life.

"10*th*, *Sab.*—My dear Christian friends, my sanctuary and its beloved privileges have been much on my mind this day. We have advanced so far east, that our time is now about one hour forward of yours. I suppose we had prayers in the church, according to our request; and, just at the

season for it, we were experiencing a tempest of wind and rain, attended with thunder. The ship rode majestically through the waves in this storm, at the rate of ten miles an hour. I have yet felt no fear—just as much composure as if on land. We have had no religious, public exercises. It has scarce appeared like Sabbath. How ought Christians to value their sanctuary privileges! Together, we enjoy these seasons no more on earth; but in heaven, we hope to unite in keeping an eternal Sabbath.

"12*th*.—Yesterday we had what appeared to us a heavy gale, though the captain called it no more than a pleasant breeze. The scene was truly grand and sublime. The vessel rolled from side to side, so that we could neither stand nor sit without being braced. But our minds were tranquil. Toward evening, we discovered a bow set in the cloud, the token of promised blessings.

"16*th*.—For three or four days, we have been becalmed, and made little progress. We would rather experience those gales which would waft us toward our destined port; but our way is directed by Him who knows what is best, and we would feel no solicitude.

"17*th*, *Sab*.—The hours of sacred rest

return, and, on such occasions, I cannot tell you how often my thoughts wander to W. Long was I there an attendant on sacred ordinances, and now, in imagination, I can bring the passing scenes to immediate view. May this be a day of sacred peace and ardent devotion with that beloved church, in whose sacred enclosure I number most of my dearest relatives and beloved Christian friends. May our dear pastor long be continued to that people, experience continual accessions of grace and strength, and press forward, with unwearied vigor and untiring ardor, in his labors for their salvation. How should I rejoice to hear, in a distant, heathen land, that abundant success is there attending the means of grace, and sinners are pressing into the kingdom of heaven. We have yet no public religious exercises. The sailors are, to-day, reading the tracts which have been given them. They are civil in behaviour, and their general appearance is, perhaps, as good as we could expect. O that divine grace might be displayed here in their conversion!"

Would all Christians feel and pray, as Mrs. A. did, for the church which has received them into its bosom, it is believed

Last night we passed the tropic and we are to-day two degrees in the torrid zone.

"*July 4th.*—As natives of America, we shall ever feel an interest in the anniversary of her freedom. But we hear not the clangor of bells, or the roar of cannon. We pass through the same round of outward ceremonies as on other days, yet our thoughts visit America; our prayers and thanksgivings for her can rise as acceptably from this remote region, as if accompanied with every outward expression of joy.

"*6th.*—A few evenings since, I was walking with Miss Farrar on deck, in the twilight, when suddenly something struck my shoulder with considerable force. It was a flying fish. They are very numerous in these regions, and, I am told, know not where they alight in the dark. When pursued for prey, they fly for safety, and sometimes I suppose they do it for pleasure. They frequently rise out of the water, like a flock of birds, which they very much resemble. Their wings are placed in their side, and look like fins, but can be easily extended or folded.

"Our latitude is about eight degrees. The sun rises a little before six o'clock,*

* That is, about three o'clock, according to our time.—Ed.

but that is an hour and a half before it shines on the mountains and vallies which bless your sight. We usually rise early and walk on deck, to enjoy the fresh air.

"9*th*.—In the evening of my last date, we experienced another tempest, which exceeded anything I have ever seen. The cloud arose suddenly, and spread over us rather unexpectedly, so that the time of preparation was short. On such occasions, the sails must be taken in, or we are liable to be capsized. Captain H. exercises great care and presence of mind, and, as soon as he found it necessary, he called all hands to work, setting the example himself, and, by the manifest solicitude of his voice and manner, inspired activity and zeal in every sailor. It was dark, and we could not be out to see, but we could hear enough to fill a timid heart with dismay. The sound of feet running in every direction, the captain's voice resounding till it became hoarse, the wind roaring, together with the vast depth of the water beneath and around us, conspired to render our situation solemn and awful. Yet our apprehensions were not much excited. We thought of the description of Scripture, when the disciples 'came to Jesus, and awoke him, saying, Carest thou not that we

perish?' And we could have a better idea than ever before, of the power and majesty displayed, when he rebuked the winds and seas, and there was a great calm. The storm soon subsided, and I retired to rest with as much composure, and slept as quietly, as if nothing had happened. It was found to-day, by calculation, that we have sailed 4,220 miles. The winds do not allow us to pursue a direct course. Look on a map, and I can tell you almost the exact spot where we are,—about five degrees north of the equator, and near the same distance west of the African coast.

"15*th*, *Sab*.—This day is one of peculiar interest to me, being the usual season of communion in the church in W. While I am writing, my dear brethren and sisters are probably listening to the word of truth, contemplating the wondrous love which brought the blessed Redeemer from the realms of glory, to suffer and die for us, and preparing their hearts to commemorate, at his table, those dying agonies he endured. Precious privilege!

"17*th*.—We have crossed the equator, and are now in six degrees south latitude, a very rough, uneven sea. Could you stand on deck, and behold the mountainous waves, rising in every direction, and subsiding

again into deep vallies—the vessel ploughing her way through them, rolling backwards and forwards and from side to side—the white spray dashing from her, and thrown up some yards, sometimes over the deck, so that, if standing near, we should be wet as with a shower,—you would think the scene grand, and perhaps tremble for our safety.

"*24th.*—To-day we were called on deck to see a whale. The vessel passed very near him. He was supposed to be forty feet in length, and continued to spout the water as long as we kept in view, and to rise frequently to the surface.

"*25th.*—The weather, yesterday and to-day, is delightful. The air is pure, and serenity pervades the whole prospect. It is the most pleasant season we have had since coming on board. We advance two degrees or more in twenty-four hours—are now in 25 degrees south latitude, and 23 degrees west longitude. The sun is quite to the north of us.

"May the God of Israel be the portion of my dear parents, smooth the declivity of age, brighten their prospect, and increase their hopes of future blessedness, as they approach the confines of the grave, give joy to their departing spirits when the pul-

sation of life has ceased, raise them to mansions prepared for all the faithful followers of the Lamb, and forever feast their souls with the beatific vision of his glory. There I hope to meet them, to recognize their glorified form, forever freed from the evils attendant on this mortal state,—sin, sorrow, sickness, separation, death.

'A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure.'"

The journal of Mrs. A. abounds with interesting descriptions of the scenes through which she passed on the ocean. Only a few more of them will be given. The youthful reader will see in them, how the missionaries take their lives in their hand, not for the sake of worldly gain, but for the salvation of souls.

"*August 8th.*—The temperature is such at present, as to render us quite comfortable with our thickest clothing. The waves swell into billows, some of mountainous size, foaming at the top, and throwing out the spray, which the wind frequently takes, and driving it along playfully, resembles, very much, heaps of snow, drifting in a storm. The billows appear nearly black, and pile up with angry fury; but the spray

is white, and fine as snow. At the fore end, the scene was sublimely pleasing. The vessel, moving along majestically, through every obstruction, raises the billowy foam, which resembles the bed of a river, where the water rushes down a fall. I gazed at it some minutes with delighted admiration, and beheld the blending hues of the rainbow, swept along in the sun-beams, while the restless, boiling water was forming itself into brilliant gems of purest white. The effect produced on my spirits was truly exhilarating. How wonderfully, how variously, does the Almighty display himself in his works!

"16*th*.—We are yet in a tempestuous region. The vessel rolls from side to side, like the rocking of a cradle, only with far greater violence. It is very fatiguing to endure, but it has not yet deprived me of sleep, as it has some of our company. For forty-eight hours, the sea has been so violent, so often dashing over deck, it is scarcely safe for ladies to go out. It is very difficult writing, on account of the motion.

"17*th*.—Last night was the most trying season we have had. The rolling of the vessel was violent, and almost unremitted. The sleep of all was much disturbed. The noise of the wind and water, with the creak-

ing of the ceiling, is frequently, perhaps I may say, usually, sufficient to destroy the rest of one unaccustomed to it. Last night, the water, breaking over the sides of the deck, sounded like thunder, and jarred the whole ship. Once, such a torrent came over, with a sudden crash, that it awoke me from my dozing state, and I unconsciously sprang from my couch. My anxiety arose on account of our trunks, &c., which we are obliged to fasten very closely, and then scarcely feel at rest. This shock was far the heaviest we have experienced. The boards were torn off from the upper part of the body of the ship, for some distance, and the cook's room burst in on one side. The water rushed down the stairs, and ran into the dining room in considerable quantity. The captain was on deck most of the night, though this is unusual. The immediate command of the vessel devolves on the mates, in rotation, but all the responsibility on the captain.

"The time here is divided into watches of four hours each. On one end of the deck is a time-piece, properly guarded from injury. The helm is by its side, and a bell is hung, which the helmsman strikes every half hour. The first half hour it strikes once, the next twice, and so on till it arrives

to eight, which completes the watch. On the other end of the deck is another bell, which immediately responds to this, so that, by day or night, the time may be known in any part of the vessel."

CHAPTER VII.

Extracts from Mrs. A.'s journal during her voyage, continued.—Arrival at Calcutta.

"*August 20th.*—This is a very delightful morning, and my spirits were much exhilarated by walking on deck. Were some of my youthful friends with me, they would find many things that would please them very much. Particularly, they would like to share with me the pleasure of throwing out crumbs to the pigeons, which have followed us two or three thousand miles, to pick up whatever is thrown them. They are very pretty creatures; their bodies are white, and their wings spotted with black. The manner of measuring the distance we advance is amusing. I will attempt to describe it. They have a glass, shaped like an hour-glass, filled with sand, which will run out in fourteen seconds. A cord of some length is wound around a wheel, and at the end of it, a piece of triangular wood is fastened, one corner being heavier than the rest, that it may hang perpendicularly in the water, and lie where it is thrown. A

knot is tied at certain distances in the cord, and as many knots as run off, while the sand is running in the glass, so many miles the ship sails in an hour. One person holds the glass, another the wheel, another throws the wood. As soon as this touches the water, he speaks to the one holding the glass to turn it; he answers, 'Done,' as soon as the sand is run out, cries, 'Stop.' The wheel turns so easy, that the cord runs off with no other force, except that of the wood in the water. The operation is commonly repeated once in two or three hours, day and night, the result set down, and every noon added together. It proceeds on this principle—as one hour is to fourteen seconds, so is one mile to the number of feet, run off in this time. This is on the supposition that the vessel sails one mile an hour; of course, if her velocity is increased five, eight, or ten times, or any other number, the length of cord that runs off increases proportionably.

"25*th*.—You might now, on the map, find our course in the Indian ocean, nearly as far east as Calcutta, latitude about thirty degrees. Again we have reached the southern trade winds. This morning, eighty days from Boston. In less than twenty more, we hope to reach Calcutta. We may

here, as in every part of our long voyage, well raise a tribute of heartfelt gratitude to Him who has so kindly protected us in the midst of dangers before unknown, supplied our wants, and visited us with mercy at every step. We have all been much favored with regard to health, and look forward with satisfaction to the sphere of labor on which we are expecting soon to enter.

"I sometimes unconsciously fix my mind on the scenes of my dear home, till my thoughts become so abstracted, I seem to realize what is there passing. Every place and circumstance with which, in past days, I have been familiar, rises before me with such vivid clearness, as almost to supply the pleasure of a visit. But the illusion vanishes without leaving any knowledge of the *present circumstances* of my friends. Many changes have probably taken place since I left, but not one without the direction of Him whom we profess to serve. O that it may be his good pleasure to visit my dear parents with his love and sensible presence, supplying the absence of their family by the consolations of his Spirit. In our tender parting, I remember that we only anticipated a little the separation to be made by death, and that we hope for an inseparable meeting in heaven. I surely

wish to comfort you in your declining years, and if I may not do it by my presence, let me do it in my absence, by pointing your faith to Him who alone can give solid, enduring joy, and referring you to that hope, full of immortality, we are permitted to indulge, purchased for us at the infinite price of a Saviour's blood. While contemplating this, I trust your heart will glow with gratitude, that he has permitted you to make a sacrifice, with the hope of advancing that cause for which he bled, and extending the knowledge of the Saviour to those who are ignorant of his salvation.

"31*st.* Mercies, many and great, have attended us constantly, and now we can cheer ourselves with the prospect of soon reaching our port. We hope soon to mingle again with Christians in sacred, holy duties, and visit the courts of the Lord in a distant land,—a land of heathenism.

"What a contrast between my present circumstances and those of a year ago! Who would have supposed at that season, that the lapse of one year would place me almost on heathen ground? That year has been an important, eventful one indeed to me. What perpetual changes attend this mortal state! Well, the last great change will soon put us all beyond the reach of vi-

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dawn on this moral darkness. 'How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth salvation!' O that God will be pleased to cause us to be the messengers of peace to some of the perishing souls in India! Reading to-day some account of their delusions, I felt a new impulse of desire to labor for their evangelization. I rejoice, and hope I shall continue to rejoice, if I may do anything toward advancing that predicted era, when

'From east to west, from south to north,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.'

"15*th*.—Yesterday, a little before noon, land was discovered. It was a place called Point Palmiras, about 230 miles from Calcutta. They were afraid to go further without a pilot, and turned about in search of one. The approach to Calcutta is one of the most dangerous in the world. The East India Company keep pilot vessels anchored or cruising about for the purpose of aiding vessels into port.

"17*th*.—The captain concluded to take a circuitous course to gain one of the pilot brigs, as we could not approach it directly. We are yet tossing about in the bay,—lost

sight of land yesterday—have not yet advanced so far as we went back. This is a trial to our patience, and an occasion for self-examination. The vessel is so impregnated with the damp sea air, that our clothing begins to gather mould, particularly woolen articles, and some others that have been worn, and contracted moisture. How long we shall remain here is uncertain. It is sometimes several days before a pilot can be found, and frequently it takes a week to ascend the river. Calcutta is 100 miles from its mouth. It is now near the close of the rainy season, so that probably the current will be quite strong. But when the best time arrives, we shall be permitted to land. What a comfort to feel that a gracious, all-wise Providence overrules every event!

"18*th*.—Succeeded in obtaining a pilot, whose name is Richardson, and with whom we are very much pleased. He is an intelligent Englishman, and decidedly favorable to Christianity. He gave us a very interesting account of the native schools last evening, being himself one of the inspectors. He speaks in high terms of the native intellect; thinks nothing but cultivation is wanting to give them a respectable standing in society. He brought with him the Annual Report of the Female Na-

tive School Society, and speaks very encouragingly respecting its object and operations. He brought also several numbers of a religious periodical work, published by the Calcutta Auxiliary Church Missionary Society. Among other things, we find the address of Dr. Beecher on the facilities for spreading the gospel now, compared with those in the apostolic age, which appeared in the Recorder and Herald, about a year ago. He brought also a collection of hymns, used at the Bethel meetings. We have been entertained and delighted, have had a rich mental repast after such a season of *fasting*, and feel grateful for such a providential favor.

"*20th.*—We have advanced rapidly today. Weighed anchor at five this morning, and proceeding up the river, the scenery soon became delightful. Ladies, however, could not go out to enjoy it, on account of the heavy rain. This was a severe self-denial to us, but in the midst of it we had occasion to be grateful. The lightning was very vivid, the thunder heavy, and the electricity once descended into the river, *very near* us, but we were spared.

"About noon the weather became pleasant, and could you know how much we enjoyed, you would rejoice with us. You could

not, however, fully enter into our feelings, unless you had, as we have, been imprisoned three or four months. Various kinds of green trees and bushes line the banks of the river, and we heard the birds singing in the branches. The natives are seen in every direction, and the little cottages rise to view from the midst of the groves. Some of them very much resemble a round hay-stack, and are not much larger or higher. Some of them are shaped like an oval bee-hive. The river is covered with their boats—several of them have visited us. Some of the natives have very decent clothing, made of white; others have only a piece wrapped about them. Some of them, called the writer-caste, can speak and write English. They are intrusted with a mail, which they carry in a boat, and daily visit the vessels, lying at certain places on the river, to carry letters, &c. to the Post-office. The boat conveying the mail is called dawk-boat. One called on us at Kedgeree, where we anchored last night, another to-day at Diamond Harbor. Captain H. sent several packets and letters.

September 21*st*.—About noon we anchored in Calcutta harbor. It is a very pleasant place, far surpassing our expectations. The banks of the river, for three or four

miles below, are lined with country seats, some of them very elegant. The tops of the houses are flat, with a terrace around them. The groves and lawns give them a beautiful appearance. Some of them have parks, others verandahs, which are similar to a large piazza, extending to the top of the house. I saw one, that is owned by an affluent native, to which were attached several little cottages one superior to the rest; these were the residence of the owner's wives, the number of which our pilot said might be seventy or eighty, the favorite residing in the more conspicuous one. We passed the Botanical Gardens, extending a mile or more along the river, and Bishop's College on our left.

"*Sept. 22d.*—Mr. Stone, who went on shore yesterday, to present our letters of introduction, met with a very cordial reception at Arch-deacon Corrie's. We were all invited to breakfast and to pass the day at his house. Early in the morning, therefore, we left the vessel and went on shore, where we found the Arch-deacon's carriage waiting which conveyed us to his residence. It is a splendid edifice, fitted up with every convenience for this sultry climate. Contrasted with the close air and long confinement of our late *prison*, you may judge how

grateful it was to my feelings. I believe we all felt like *prisoners set free.* Archdeacon Corrie now fills the place pro. tem., vacated by their late excellent Bishop Heber, and consequently occupies his palace. It is rightly styled thus, and the only house in the city, which receives that appellation. A new bishop is appointed and expected soon, when Dr. C. will return to his own house. He is a most benevolent, philanthropic, and godly man; his family are very interesting. The kindness with which they have treated us, and the interest they have taken in our welfare, lay us under the strongest obligations, both to them and to Him from whom we receive every blessing as the *first* cause. Through their influence, accommodations have been kindly offered us for the present gratuitously, and within three weeks we expect a passage to Bombay. Mr. and Mrs. Stone are residing at Mr. Goode's, the chaplain of one of the churches. Miss Farrar stops at Dr. Corrie's, it being inconvenient for them to furnish more than one with lodgings, as they have other company. For Mr. A. and myself, they have provided lodgings at Mr. Gisborne's, a son of an author of several works, whose name you may have seen. He is an extensive merchant, a native of

England, and a very worthy man. His lady is daughter of Mr. Brown the friend of whom Martyn speaks. Mrs. Corrie almost considers her as an adopted daughter. I have not yet seen her, but hear an excellent character of her. She had, with Mr. G. and other friends, an appointment to visit over the river during the heathen holidays, which are just commencing. During these, almost all mercantile business is suspended, because the officiating clerks are mostly natives. Mr. G. is therefore at liberty, almost for the only time in the year. They left home the day we came on shore, but offered for us rooms, with servants in attendance, their carriage at command, and breakfast every morning. Dr. Corrie accepted for us, inviting us to pass the day with him. Thus every want is supplied, and if our hearts do not glow with the liveliest gratitude, they must be adamantine indeed. Mrs. G. remarked, that on their return, which would be in about ten days, she hoped we should be their guests while we remain at Calcutta.

Dr. Corrie was the most intimate friend of H. Martyn. His lady's mother resides with them, who is the patroness of every thing good and praiseworthy. She was

personally acquainted with Buchanan and Martyn, and they were residents in her house. Her present name is Ellerton, and she is a widow."

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters, &c. written on the ocean.

"*Ship Emerald, July 3d.*

"*My dear Miss D——*,—Among those beloved friends to whom I feel myself under peculiar obligations, both of gratitude and affection, I shall assign you a prominent place. I should corsider myself wanting in the best feelings of humanity and benevolence, did I not cherish with pleasure a lively sense of obligation, and put myself in a way of fulfilling promises repeatedly made before I left you. Often does my mind revert to past scenes of familiar and pleasant intercourse, now forever fled. Often do I contemplate the numerous offices of kindness performed for me by yourself; and if in any way, not as a compensation, but as an expression of grateful affection, I can do anything which may prove a source of gratification to you, gladly would I avail myself of the opportunity. The efforts of the pen are the only ones now in my power, with alacrity then will I apply myself to

these, even at this early period; and will indulge the hope, that this medium of communication will be afforded us not unfrequently, and thus strengthen and perpetuate the bonds of affection, until our earthly pilgrimage shall close, and friendship, and love, and joy be perfected in the realms of endless bliss.

"How does our Sabbath school prosper? I hope a deeper interest is excited with regard to it than was ever felt before, and that little children will there learn to lisp hosannas to the Son of David. May you enjoy much of Immanuel's presence, and be increasingly useful and happy.

"Yesterday was a day deeply interesting to us, and I trust to you, and all our Christian friends. I thought of that little beloved circle with whom I have so often met and enjoyed such precious seasons in the *Monthly Concert*, and imagined them uniting their hearts in pouring out their supplications before the throne of a prayer-hearing God. Our little company would doubtless be the subject of their fervent petitions, and supposing our dear friends would feel intense solicitude for us, floating on the boisterous ocean, I remarked how great pleasure it would afford me, if the intelligence of our welfare thus far could be

communicated. I would willingly have made a considerable sacrifice for this purpose, but it would have been unavailing.

"My time passes very pleasantly for the most part, and I hope not unprofitably. A glance of momentary, fond regret is sometimes cast toward the endearments of my native town and dwelling, with all their christian privileges, and you will not be surprised, that a thrill of exquisitely tender emotions is felt, when these images rise before the mind, accompanied with the thought that I shall enjoy them no more on earth; no more behold my dear aged parents, or administer to their comfort; no more listen to the voice of dear brothers and sisters, or the prattling of their tender offspring; no more catch the accents of affection, flowing from the lips of kindest and most endeared friends; or take sweet counsel with those who go up to the courts of the Lord for solemn worship; or unite with the social circle in the conference-room where prayer is wont to be offered. Such emotions in such circumstances, I suppose, are inseparable from our nature. They cherish some of the best feelings, and I wish not to be wholly destitute of them. I do not imply the least sorrow for the step I have taken, and have no inclination to retract

were it in my power. No, my friend, we seek a better country even an heavenly, where we hope to meet shortly. This world is the field of labor; only in the future are we taught to look for rest. What a blissful idea, that a rational hope is afforded of meeting so many to whom my heart clings with the grasp of fondest affection, where we shall never, *never* part; never more be harrassed with sin, but unceasingly join the anthem of eternal praise 'to Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.' And if one heathen may then appear saved from eternal burnings, through any sacrifice we have made, my friend, how cheering the idea! Let it animate us to persevere in labor and never faint.

Sincerely yours, M. W. ALLEN."

"*Ship Emerald, near the Equator, July 14th.*

"*My beloved Cousin O*——,—Shall Christians with their high hopes, with the example and command of the Saviour before their eyes, refuse to endure separations and privations for a few short years, shall they enjoy their friendships, their Christian ordinances, and live in plenty; while a large portion of our race are perishing for lack of that knowledge, which would put them in possession of the same hopes and privileges,

which we possess? No, you readily respond; these light trials we will cheerfully endure. Even now methinks your heart is exulting with joy, that *you* are permitted to sacrifice one friend for such a cause, and your prayers will ascend with new ardor, that she may not go in vain; and your faith will glow with fresh vigor, and your zeal receive a new impulse to press forward in the path marked out for you to tread, and your path will shine brighter and brighter until you arrive at the regions of perfect day.

Yours unalterably, M. W. ALLEN."

Could the spirit of the following be imbibed by every child and exhibited in its conduct, every family would be comparatively the abode of bliss, and the world again become a paradise.

"*Bay of Bengal, Sept. 14th.*

"*My dear Mother,*—Nothing so sensibly affects me in turning my reflections homeward, as the thought of my dear parents, travelling along the declivity of life, with one comfort after another torn from them, like the tree stripped of its branches. Yet these trials, I hope, are but the discipline of a kind and gracious Father, purifying them to be transplanted to a better, purer state.

It grieves me to think of the sorrow you have endured on my account. It would be a source of rich consolation to me, could I visit you, enjoy your company, and contribute to your happiness by any kind offices in my power to perform. But our sovereign Proprietor has ordered otherwise. I was called away from you under circumstances of peculiar trial. You heard the voice, and felt that it was the voice of Him who gave me to you; you cheerfully submitted, and I cheerfully obeyed.

"You have many, *many* comforts yet, and I am far from unhappy. You had perfect confidence in him to whom you gave me; and could you witness the kindness, affection, and tenderness with which I have uniformly been treated, and I have no apprehension but I always shall be, while he is spared me—you would still feel, that *that* confidence was not misplaced. Grieve not then for me. My situation is as favorable, perhaps, as is usual in this mortal, sinful state; for none are without trials. You, my dear mother, have not been without your share, and your lot has probably been, in comparison with the great mass of mankind, peculiarly favored. I left you sick; this was to us both an aggravating circumstance. But I rejoice that I was with you, and could

administer to you in your sickness, and that I remained until you were so much better, that I can contemplate you as convalescent, if not fully restored.

"The cause in which I have embarked, is one on which you will doubtless reflect with much satisfaction. It is the cause of benevolence, the cause of God—one which will finally prevail and fill the earth with his glory. To be permitted to labor for its promotion in this way, I consider better than to labor for the temporal prosperity of kingdoms. The separations to which it leads are painful, but what are these to the worth of a single soul! Yes, my dear mother, my heart yet clings to you with a daughter's fond affection; and I wish to thank you for all the tenderness with which you nourished me from infancy, and sought my welfare in maturer years. I wish you every comfort, and especially that your setting sun may descend without a cloud, that your hope of heaven may brighten, that Jesus may manifest himself to your soul, cheering you continually, and enriching you with the gifts of his grace, thus more than supplying the absence of children.

Your ever affectionate daughter,

M. W. Allen."

The following letter shows the lively interest she took in her acquaintance, and the eagerness with which she embraced every opportunity of doing good.

"*At Sea, on board the ship Emerald, July 28th*, 1827.

"*To the members of the Choir of Singers at Westminster*,*—The attachment I feel for them inclines me to address a few lines, expressive of the lively interest I feel in their welfare, the tender emotions excited in my own breast at parting, and the deep impression made on my heart by the testimonies of respectful and affectionate regard, received from them at that solemn and affecting period. May I be allowed, my beloved associates, without the charge of arrogance, to follow the impulse of inclination in thus addressing you, and intersperse such reflections as suggest themselves to my mind?—Your candor I trust will permit it, and receive it as the production of genuine affection. For many years I have been accustomed to meet you in the sanctuary, in the

* She had been a member of the choir more than seventeen years. This letter was written with special reference to some young ladies belonging to the choir for whose spiritual good she had long felt deeply interested, and with the expectation that it would be circulated among them. It was afterwards printed by a vote of the choir, and every member furnished with a copy.

school room, and in the social circle, for the practice of sacred music.

"Many pleasant hours have I spent, many precious seasons enjoyed with you, in this delightful employment; and while harmonizing our voices in strains of sacred melody, some of us I hope, have sometimes experienced the still sweeter harmony of the spirit and the understanding with the voice, though we doubtless have all reason to regret that so often our motive has been seen by the eye of omniscient purity, to be no better than that of mere amusement.

"Those scenes are past—I shall enjoy them with you no more. On earth we probably shall no more, together tune our voices to strains of melody. Such is the nature of all earthly scenes. We scarcely taste their sweet endearments, 'ere they are embittered by separation. But there is a region where shines eternal day, unalloyed by a cloud, untainted by a grief. There is a song whose strains shall never cease, whose notes shall never tire, but sweeter and louder swell, to eternal ages. They who once strike its notes, shall forever dwell together in harmony and love; grief shall never mar their ranks; sorrow and sighing shall forever flee away—"It is the song of redeeming love; and is sung by all those bright spirits who

have 'washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' It is heard on the plains of the New Jerusalem. Prophets, Apostles and Martyrs join the strains. The choir yet remains unfilled, and *we* are invited to join it. Shall we, my dear friends, accept the invitation? If we would, it is the *heart* that requires cultivation. The heart must be taught to love the Saviour, or the sweetest strains of his love will have no attractions for the ear. And do we indeed love him? This is a question, which involves consequences of solemn interest to each one of us! May we individually, deeply ponder it, and not rest till it be satisfactorily solved.

"Our intercourse as a choir, has been so frequent, so familiar, and so endearing, that the thought of having left you to meet you no more below, is tenderly affecting to my feelings. You will not be surprised, then, at the deep solicitude I feel, that *none* of our voices may be wanting in 'the song of everlasting day.' Time is short; the day of final retribution will soon, and *may suddenly* overtake us. And then if we are not found prepared to take our part in that song, the groans of eternal despair must be our portion. O dreadful thought! But this is no fiction. It is taught us in the volume of divine inspiration. And if on examina-

tion we find our hearts untuned to sacred devotion, let us believe the sacred word, and 'what our hand findeth to do, do quickly.' Let us apply to Jesus, who can prepare our hearts by his love, to take delight in his praise; and if once we taste of this delight, we shall find it such joy as we never knew before.

"It is an affecting thought to me, that the vast Atlantic flood now rolls its waves between us, and is daily wafting me farther, and still farther, from all those scenes which have given interest and pleasure to my youthful days. No choir for sacred harmony shall I find in heathen India, and very little of musical strains shall I probably hear there. Often will my thoughts, as they have done already, revert to those seasons when we have met, and contemplate you as meeting again to cultivate the sacred art. Long may you dwell together in harmony, and strive to maintain union of feeling. May all of you feel that it is good to sing the praises of the Most High, with grace in your hearts; and may the omniscient Jehovah behold a sacrifice of grateful affection arising from your hearts, which shall come up before him, as a cloud of sweet incense, and call down the choicest of his favors to rest on you for time and for eternity.

"The testimonies of esteem and affectionate regard bestowed on me, just previous to my leaving you, made an impression on my heart, which I trust I shall never cease to retain. The glow of affection will enkindle at every fresh recollection of them: and may I hope still to retain a place in your kind remembrance? Will you remember me as a sister who will always feel a lively interest in your welfare? Will you follow me with your prayers, that my feeble efforts for the salvation of the perishing heathen through the blessing of heaven, may prove not in vain?

"May we never forget each other, or cease to implore the God of all grace to sanctify our hearts for his service here, and for his praise in his kingdom of glory.

"And while we indulge the hope that 'guardian angels' will convoy our little band to our destined port in safety, we will hope too, that when the tempestuous sea of life is past, they will then be the convoy of each of our souls, to the haven of eternal rest, and that 'on Zion's hill' we shall together swell the notes of that song that will never end.

"A tender, an affectionate farewell. May the grace of God in Jesus Christ abound to us all, and grant us an inheritance among

them that are sanctified through faith in him. And then, with the multitude that no man can number, we shall unite in strains of immortal praise and everlasting love.

With the most affectionate regard,

Yours sincerely,

MYRA W. ALLEN."

We fear that the following allusions to the condition of sailors have been realized in many other instances, and that they exhibit the true reason why missionaries have not been more useful to the ship's company with whom they have sailed.

"The first part of our voyage, I had very little spiritual enjoyment, and I believe this was the case with all our company. No religious privileges were allowed us, no place of retirement that scarcely seemed like such, I felt almost as if deprived wholly of the means of grace. In addition to this, we were obliged to see the holy sabbath profaned, the authority of the scriptures disregarded, with *no leave* to raise the warning voice. Oft have our compassions been moved, and our jealousy for the Lord God of hosts has been roused. I had anticipated different things—had hoped to see divine grace displayed as did those brethren and

sisters on their passage to Ceylon. But our faith is brought to a strong trial—hope it will prove a sanctified one. Mr. A. had proposed in his own mind to attend to a bible class among the sailors, but found it could not be permitted. They very much need instruction. Sad and wretched we fear is their case. Will not they who hinder their spiritual improvement have a solemn account to render? O that divine grace may yet interpose, and constrain them all to attend to the things that belong to their peace, before they are hidden from their eyes."

CHAPTER IX.

Residence in Calcutta.—Passage to Bombay.

Many of the facts stated in Mrs. A.'s journal while at Calcutta, will serve to give the reader a concise view of the missionary operations in that city and vicinity. They will doubtless be perused with much interest and pleasure.

"Mrs. Wilson, who came from England six years ago to engage in the instruction of native female schools, was invited to dine on Saturday;—her husband also and Mr. Steward of the Church Missionary Society, recently from Bombay, and Mr. Bowley, a missionary at Chunar, who has come to C. for his health,—so that no less than *nine* missionaries were seated at the good Arch-deacon's table. We had a pleasant interview, and Mrs. W. made an appointment for us to visit her schools. We were also made acquainted to-day with a Mussulman convert, who was recently baptized by Mr. Bowley.

"On the Sabbath we were, after our long privation, again permitted to assemble at church. Dr. Corrie preached in the morning, and Rev. Mr. Goode in the evening. The evening service is not till dark—8 o'clock I think, so that when we returned from church, you were about assembling in the morning.

"*Monday.*—Early this morning, went to Mr. Wilson's with Mr. Bowley and Miss Farrar. A chapel for the natives is near the house, and a bell raised in front to assemble them. We went in to attend morning prayers, which were performed in Bengalee. There were perhaps forty or fifty natives who have been baptized. They sung a hymn, not very melodiously to the ear, yet it was gratifying to see them singing the praises of Jehovah in their own language. After this, we breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and then went to an adjoining house to see some of the female scholars at their work. One was spinning on a singularly constructed wheel, made by the natives, some were knitting, &c.

"We then went to the schools. The first on which we called had several classes, and a teacher to each. We sat down, and Mrs. W. called a class to come around—some of them were not more than five or

six years of age, others were of different ages up to twelve or more. They read fluently in their own language—of course I did not understand, but I was gratified much, and longed to be employed in the same manner. We called on two other native schools, and then on a Portuguese one, in which English is taught.

"Mrs. Wilson, formerly Miss Cook, appears to delight in her work, is daily employed in it, and furnishes an example worthy of imitation. She met with much opposition at first, but persevered and overcame. She has had *twenty* schools under her superintendence at once; they are now reduced to a smaller number. A central school-house has been erected two stories high: the lower for the schools, where she hopes to assemble a large number, thus abridging her labor and increasing her usefulness—the upper for her residence.

"*Sept.* 27.—I am very much pleased with the appearance of Calcutta. We think it resembles many elegant country seats brought together. Many of the houses are splendid and magnificent—three or four stories in height with flat roofs—a rich garden or green attached. The style of finishing in the inside is grand, but plain: furniture very rich. Fruits and trees are

abundant, the thick foliage affording a cooling shade and delightful prospect.

"Last evening I rode with Mrs. Ellerton to visit the Orphan Asylum, a large edifice, accommodating ninety girls of different ages, from five or six, to eighteen or twenty. Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt have the care of it, residing in the house and superintending their instruction, &c. The elder girls assist. Mrs. E. and one more lady only, remain of the first founders. The little girls came around their benefactress with smiles of joy. It was a pleasant sight. There is a large green yard round the building, bordered with trees almost concealing it from view at the road.

"At half past seven, we attended worship at an Independent church, where Rev. Mr. Hill of the London Missionary Society preaches, and were highly pleased with the services. The singing was fine, attended with a sweet organ. The hymn commencing with

'Why sinks my weak, desponding mind,
Why heaves my soul this anxious sigh,' &c.

was given out, and was sweetly tranquillizing to my mind. Mr. A. and myself are in good health, but somewhat enervated. This is called the most trying season.

"*Oct.* 1.—On Friday last went to visit Mrs. Trawin at Kidderpore about four miles distant. Here is a missionary station and a native church, but their indefatigable teacher is gone to his reward. Mrs. T. has been greatly afflicted, but her trial is working for her good. Her health is feeble, and six or eight weeks since, her husband went with her up the river for her benefit. It was a relief to her, but he took fever and soon died. Their little daughter of about seven years died also near the same time. She is left with two little children, and in a feeble state. She is soon to embark for England.

"Yesterday in compliance with a previous invitation, Mr. A. preached for Mr. Hill. I accompanied him, and we passed the day in the family of Mr. H. The natives hold their festival near here, and disturb them night and day with their music, songs, dances, &c. I saw them march with three different idols, but was not near enough to discern them distinctly. There was however a large round frame, raised upon the shoulders of men to which the idol was attached, and it was much decorated.

"*Oct.* 3.—To-day the festival closes. I learn, that on the Sabbath they took those idols which I saw, and after their various

ceremonies, marched with them down to the river, there stripped off their ornaments, and then drowned them, as they call it, in the river. They afterwards make a new god, set it in its pagoda, and keep it another year, to use in the same manner. Strange conduct of a *creature* to its god!

"We were told, that on one day they killed sacrifices of goats or other animals for an oblation or offering.

"Most of the Hindoos have ornaments attached to them. Some have rings on the feet, some on the wrist, some in the ear, some in the nose; the last is a token of being betrothed. I saw several in Mrs. W.'s schools of this description. This ceremony takes place when the children are perhaps six years old, and frequently before they have seen each other. The bargain is made by the parents, who send presents to each other, make a feast, and carry the children about in a cart, or kind of palanquin, after which they are separated and seldom see each other, till the completion of the match, which takes place at about twelve years of age. The wife then goes to live with the husband's parents.

"When a Hindoo dies, the person principally concerned in his burial, whether a son, nephew, or whatever relation, makes

presents to the relatives, who attend the funeral, of rice, cloth, or money, and many come quite a distance to receive them. The deceased would be dishonored, if these presents were not made.

"They are a very indolent race, yet they are not wanting in intellect or genius, if cultivated. I have seen surprising specimens of their needlework. It is performed, I am told, by the men. They bring about for sale the most beautifully wrought gown patterns of lace, muslin, and cambric. These are much worn here by the English ladies.

"*Oct.* 6.—On Thursday, Mrs. Gisborne returned with her family. We are treated with the utmost generosity and kindness. This morning, Mr. and Mrs. Hough called on us. Mrs. H. is a niece of Mr. M., from whom we brought a letter to her. She resembles him enough to be his sister. She was very glad to hear from her relatives, and I was much gratified to meet one whose relatives I knew.

"8*th.*—Yesterday we attended worship in the morning with Mr. and Mrs. G. at their church,—in the evening, Mr. A. preached for Mr. Hill, and they accompanied us. They appear to possess truly Christian and

catholic feelings toward other denominations, though themselves attached to the Church of England.

"Called this morning on Mrs. Hough, who is residing with Mrs. Ward, the widow of the late missionary of that name, who visited America and England a few years since. Mrs. G. has kindly suggested visiting Serampore with us and Mrs. Hough.

"*Oct.* 12.—We went to Serampore on Wednesday, in Mr. G.'s boat. The next morning there was a prayer meeting in the chapel, after which as is their practice once a week, the missionaries breakfasted at Dr. Marshman's. Dr. M. is now absent in England. Dr. Carey was there,—just recovering from a dangerous illness. This is really a delightful situation, having the appearance of a pleasant country village on the bank of a fine river. We visited the College and the paper manufactory. We called on Dr. Carey and Professor Swan—in the evening went to Aldeen, where is the pagoda in which H. Martyn resided as mentioned in his life.

"This morning we returned to Calcutta. Mrs. H. gave me some account of their sufferings in the Burmese war. She and Mrs. Wade saw their husbands led to be

executed,* without the least expectation of ever seeing them again. No one can have the least idea of what she felt, she says, unless brought into like circumstances. She has two pretty children, a son and a daughter."

Thursday, the 18th of October, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, after spending near four weeks very pleasantly in Calcutta, took passage for Bombay. Concerning their departure Mrs. A. writes:—

"We find our hearts cemented in cordial affection to those Christian friends, with whom we have become acquainted. After receiving many tokens of affectionate regard and friendly solicitude for our comfort on our voyage, we took an affectionate leave of Mrs. G., whose excellent husband accompanied and assisted us with his carriage and boat quite to the vessel, which we found twenty or thirty miles down the river. With the returning tide, he then bade us an affectionate adieu, wishing us every blessing, and leaving our hearts much affected with his Christian generosity and

* Just at this crisis, the British troops entered the town in triumph, and liberated these missionaries from their perilous situation.

kindness. We hope a better reward than earth affords, is reserved for him and his family; and surely our prayers and best wishes attend them."

Only a few extracts from the journal during this voyage will be made. These will serve to show how carefully Mrs. A. observed all which was taking place around her.

"*October 5th.*—On Saturday evening there was an eclipse of the moon, almost total. We accidentally discovered it, when the moon was about half shaded, and watched it from our window till it was almost wholly obscured, which was at 11 o'clock. On looking this morning in the 'Christian Almanac,' I find it given for Boston, at half past 12, P. M., of course invisible, which gives the exact difference of time between that place and this, 10 1-2 hours. When it was 11 at night here, it was half past twelve, P. M., there.

"Yesterday we witnessed a scene, which was to us novel, animating, refreshing. It was the eighteenth Sabbath we have spent at sea, and the first in which we have, in such circumstances, enjoyed public worship Mr. A. had previously proposed the subject

to the captain, who received it with much politeness, and said he should be highly gratified. Accordingly at 10 o'clock, an awning was spread to secure us from the sun, and a very convenient place was prepared. The soldiers all came out, neatly dressed in clean white clothes; the captain, officers, and passengers mostly attended, and gave a very respectful attention. We shall probably enjoy the same favor during the remainder of the voyage, as often as the Sabbath returns. We have since learned that two or three soldiers are pious. Mr. A. gave them some tracts, and has obtained leave and approbation from their officer to give them further religious instruction. These are privileges *great indeed.*"

Passing near the island of Ceylon, Mrs. A. notices the American Mission at that place, and expresses an affectionate wish to "exchange Christian salutations with countrymen, who were there laboring for the salvation of the heathen." This, however, could not be enjoyed.

Respecting the island, she writes, "We could clearly discern cultivated fields, groves of cocoa-nut, &c. The island appears very mountainous. The jungle (the common name for woods) abounds with wild ele-

phants, tigers, rhinoceros, &c. The gales from the shore are frequently perfumed with spicy odors, from the groves of cinnamon, cloves, &c."

Letters had been forwarded by land to Bombay, and we have the following account of their conveyance by dawk, as it is called, or mail.

"A native takes the bag containing them, and goes as far as his strength will permit, a fixed distance; when another takes it, and carries it another stage, and so on till it reaches its destination. Time, or weather must not hinder. If a person wishes to travel in this way, he must apply to the post master, a few days previous, and arrangements will be made for a palanquin to accompany the dawk, and bearers to carry it. In a palanquin, a person sits in a reclining posture, and he can lie down as on a bed. When the traveller is ready, he gets into it, and often stops not for night, until he arrives at his journey's end. This is called travelling by dawk, and a person may proceed one hundred miles per day, that is, in twenty-four hours. But the conveyance is very expensive; often a rupee a mile. Letters are carried a few hundred miles about as cheap as in America, but the expense

attending it increases in proportion to the distance.

"26*th*.—This morning we were forty miles from Bombay. Could our dear friends know, as they awake on this morning, that we are just approaching the termination of our long voyage in good health and possessed of many mercies and many blessings, hoping shortly to greet the missionary brethren and sisters, it would, I think, give a new ardor to their morning sacrifice of praise.

"28*th*.—Scarcely had the ship come to anchor, when we had the pleasure to welcome Mr. Graves to our cabin. Through the kindness of some friends he had learned that the Milford, in which he knew we sailed, was approaching, and immediately came in a boat to conduct us home. Soon after, Mr. Garrett arrived. Our joy at meeting was sincere, I believe on all sides. We arrived at Mr. Graves' a little past noon, and met a most hearty welcome from Mrs. G. We soon after united in cheerful thanksgiving to that Being who overrules all human affairs, and who has caused us to meet under circumstances of so much mercy. Mr. and Mrs. Garrett joined us in the evening, and again we offered our united sacrifice of praise.

"29*th*.—Last evening was the weekly prayer meeting—this has long been observed statedly by this mission and that at Ceylon. They agree likewise in observing the Friday previous to the first Monday in each month, as a season of fasting. There are no public exercises—the time is devoted to improvement in family piety. Mrs. Graves does not neglect her schools, but goes out in the morning two or three hours.

"30*th*.—I have been with her this morning—called on two schools lately set up, and of course not far advanced. I was pleased with the lively and intelligent countenances of the children, and with the readiness with which they receive instruction.

"*Dec.* 2*d*.—The first Sabbath we spend in Bombay. Mr. G. preached at nine in the morning in Mahratta. At eleven an English exercise was held at his house. Mr. A. conducted this to-day, and preached from Num. x. 29, 'We are journeying to the land,' &c. At 4, P. M. Mr. G. has a meeting at the chapel with the teachers and children of the schools, when he hears some of the children read in the Testament, and gives such instruction as he deems appropriate. Mr. Allen attended with him,

and was much gratified with their appearance.

"3*d*.—To-day the annual meeting of the 'Bombay Mission Union' commences. It is to continue for four days. It consists of the brethren at Surat of the London Missionary Society at Bankote and Hurnee about seventy or eighty miles down the coast—those of the Scottish Missionary Society—of Rev. Mr. Mitchell of the Church Missionary Society at Tannah, the station formerly occupied by Mr. Nichols,—together with our brethren in this place. From the reports of the several stations, it appears that some advance is making, especially in instruction. Native female schools are receiving increased attention. At Bankote and Hurnee are several in a prosperous state. There are twelve here,—seven of them instructed by female adults, who have been taught for that purpose. Several of the same class are now attending of their own accord, probably with the design of qualifying themselves to become teachers.

"7*th*.—Last evening, we came into our 'hired habitation.' It is not very well furnished, but will answer our purpose, until we can obtain further necessary supplies.

I am now twenty-seven years of age. I desire deeply to realize, that every passing year brings nearer the close of my early course, and to live daily as one who expects shortly to give an account."

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. A.'s Journal kept at Bombay.

"*Dec.* 10*th.*—Yesterday I attended the Mahratta exercise at the chapel in the morning. At 7, P. M., Mr. A. preached, and Rev. Mr. Stevenson of Hurnee administered the sacrament. Rev. Mr. Clow, minister of the Presbyterian church in this city, with his lady, and two or three other gentlemen partook with us. It was the first time I have enjoyed the ordinance, since the Sabbath before leaving Westminster.

"I have to-day commenced studying Mahratta with a Brahmun teacher. I had before learned the alphabet principally, which consists of *fifty-two* characters. These are not more difficult to learn, than the sounds, many of which are very guttural, and hard to acquire correctly. However I am not discouraged, but rather the reverse, although it must take a long time to acquire a good knowledge of the language.

"Two funeral processions have just pass-

ed within view of us. Almost as soon as a person is dead, they wash the body and hurry it away. It is laid on a rude kind of frame with a piece of cloth carelessly thrown over it, sometimes leaving the face exposed. Some are burned, and some perhaps are buried. One class, the Parsees, who worship the sun, have a piece of ground enclosed with a very high wall, and expose their dead to the sun on the top of the ground, where they are left to consume.

"We learn that Ramoo, the female teacher, died this morning and that in her last moments, she was calling on Jesus. Whether she did truly trust in him or not the Lord only knows. Her friends after the heathen custom, took her off the bed, and laid her on the floor to die, because they suppose that to die on a bed would so pollute it, that it would be useless.

"When a native dies, the friends often set up a grievous wailing for some time previous and afterwards. Such an event happened a few days since near Mr. Graves', and I heard it distinctly. Oh that they knew the source of substantial consolation.

"11*th*.—This is the season of native weddings. I have seen no less than six wedding parties to-day. In one instance, the bride and bridegroom, who might have been

twelve or fifteen years of age, rode on a horse, and the company, consisting of a dozen or more, walked before and behind with instruments of music, a drum and a rude kind of wind instrument in much use among them. In other instances, the bride and bridegroom walked near the middle of the company with an awning carried above them supported by posts. In all cases they have music, but they appear to excite as little notice almost as a single individual.

"12*th*.—We had the pleasure of a call from Rev. Mr. Chater and his lady, of Columbo, Ceylon, of the English Baptist mission. Their voyage was undertaken for the benefit of their health, which had been much impaired. They find their object partially attained. Mr. Chater has been a kind friend to several American missionaries. Rev. Mr. Bardwell was some time in his family—Mr. Newell also.

"13*th*.—The weekly prayer meeting was attended at our dwelling last evening.—Mr. and Mrs. C. were present, and gave some account of the missions in their vicinity. They have a monthly missionary union in which the American brethren unite, although they do not often meet together. They send each other accounts of their state to be read in their meetings.

"At one of these meetings, Mr. C. related that within the sphere of his labors, six Roman Catholics of one family embraced and professed Christianity about a year since. Some other fruits, he mentioned of a cheering nature. Mrs. C. has four native female schools under her care. He mentioned one instance of conversion, that seemed worthy of note. He saw the man, a Jew of Cotta, some two or three years since, and entering into conversation said to him, 'You are not a Jew!' He seemed surprised and asserted, that he *was* a Jew, and the son of a Jew. Mr. C. in a very serious tone, 'you are not a Jew:—But I am a Jew.' He then turned to the passage, 'He is not a Jew who is one outwardly,' &c., in explanation of his assertion. The Jew appeared confounded. Mr. C. left him, and being at the place some time afterwards, he saw the Jew again. He came to him and related the conversation alluded to, saying, now I understand it. No, I was not a Jew then, but now I am a Jew. Now I think I have the 'circumcision of the heart.' He had been led to reflect, and had come to the conclusion, that Jesus is the Messiah, and embraced him as his Saviour.

"29*th*.—Last evening Mr. Graves received a note from Mr. Stone, informing him of

his safe arrival in the harbor about sunset, with Mrs. Stone and Miss Farrar. Early this morning, Mr. A. went to the vessel to accompany them home. We are now, through the merciful providence of God, all safe at our desired haven, and all in circumstances of mercy.

"31*st*.—Arrived at the close of another year. How little can we know at the commencement of a year what events await us 'ere it closes. Very different have they proved with regard to me from what I could have anticipated. But so far as my situation and prospects have been effected, I can rejoice in them. Painful though it be to reflect, that for more than six months, I have not heard the least intelligence from relatives so much beloved, and from whom I have scarcely before been separated, and though I cannot look forward to any specific period, when I may hope for that precious favor; though I may never see their faces again in the flesh; yet I feel, that all this is well. A better meeting than earth affords, I trust, awaits us, when waning life has ceased its course; and in the mean time, wherever we are most useful, there we may rejoice to be. May we all do with our might what is allotted us, and not one of us fail of eternal life.

"*Sabbath.*—We have but one English exercise, which at this season is in the evening at 7 o'clock, so that our worship closes about the time your morning service begins. This is the regular communion season, the sacrament being administered only once in three months, the communicants sitting at table after the Presbyterian mode.

Jan. 11.—Relieved from some of my cares, I hope to devote more time to the language. I long to be able to assist in the schools. Mrs. Garrett is rather feeble, and unable to visit them much; Mrs. Graves consequently has a great weight of care and labor. I can read in the Mahratta Testament about as well perhaps as little Mary-Ann or Dwight can read the English, but I suppose not with quite so much understanding. I trust however, if health be granted me, before you receive this, I shall read with understanding and fluency.

"16*th.*—The cholera has appeared in this city, and began to rage considerably. It spreads consternation among the natives, and at that I do not wonder. They resort to their heathen rites, hoping to appease the god or goddess of the disease; but alas! they know not that their deity exists only in imagination.

"There is a Mussulman burying place

near us. A distinguished person has been buried there, and over him a little mosque or Durga is built. Connected with it are one or two little buildings for the resort of pilgrims. They consider it a sacred place. To-day another person of some distinction, a priest I am told, was brought and laid as near it as he could be. The corpse was brought in much native pomp, attended with music and a large concourse of mourners, three or four hundred perhaps. They tarried about the place an hour or two, performing ceremonies.

"22*d*.—Miss Farrar and I this morning visited each a school, so near as to admit of our walking. Although we can speak very little, yet we can hear a report concerning the scholars, and thus, it is thought, be of some use. It serves also as a powerful impulse to our own diligence, since it impresses very deeply our need of language to express what we wish.

"26*th*.—This morning, Mrs. Graves and I called on the lady of the owner of the house in which we live. He is a person of distinction, and truly well bred and gentlemanly in his appearance. He had previously given us an invitation to call, and we felt inclined to go, not only from a sense of propriety, but from curiosity. They are from

Persia, of the Mohammedan religion, and live in splendor and opulence, with a train of servants. They frequently have visitors, who with him ride out for pleasure, but no females are ever seen in the carriage. We had but a few steps to walk, and at the door were met by a lady of good appearance, and cordially welcomed. She was well dressed, somewhat after the native style, and was quite interesting. She took her seat near us with her daughter by her side, but we were unable to converse much, as she spoke Hindostanee, and understood not much Mahratta. She can read Persian, and appears to possess a well cultivated mind. When we were about to retire, she wished us to stop that she might show us their custom. Her daughter brought two silver vessels in which were perfumes. In one was a little spoon, smaller than I can describe, and with this she dipped out the liquid into our hand. In the other was rose-water, from which she sprinkled our handkerchiefs. When asked to return the call, she said, it was not their custom for ladies to go out. She wished us to call again with Mrs. Graves' babe and an interpreter, which we engaged to do. We were served with fruit, and a present of some was sent home before us. I believe we parted mutually gratified.

"31*st*.—The female schools came together as the first step towards regular public examination. More than one hundred and fifty children were present, but the present being the season for weddings, which it has hitherto been impossible to prevent the children from attending, a large proportion were absent. For three or four months the wedding celebrations are almost incessant. On these occasions, they feast many days, and we have been told, it is frequently the case, that they spend more than they can ever after acquire. The din of their music, if such it may be called, breaks on our ears in the hours of worship, and frequently, for a few moments, interrupts the speaker, and almost takes away the power of hearing. It is heard at the hour of midnight, disturbing our repose, and sometimes almost stunning us. Could I describe some of their customs with the color of life, surely your hearts would yearn with compassion.

"*Feb*. 11*th*.—Called again on the Persian lady. We were received with kindness as before. A sister of her ladyship was present. We had an interpreter, and Mrs. G. gave her some account of the native female schools, and inquired if their people sent instructors to the ignorant. She replied none but those who had the true love of

God in their hearts. She was told, that we came to this people to instruct them about God and the way to heaven. Her sister laughed, and inquired if there were not ways enough here already,—for which she rebuked her. When I look around on this ignorant multitude, madly bent on their idolatrous, superstitious practices, I am ready to exclaim, When will their minds be enlightened—when will they worship the only true God, and become his obedient, docile children? Never, never can it be accomplished without an Almighty energy. But the heathen shall be the inheritance of our redeemer,—sin and hell cannot prevent, because eternal truth has thus declared. His name shall be glorified and all the ends of the earth shall rejoice in Him. O haste the glorious day!

"*March* 1.—The present is a time of an annual festival, in which the people seem to exert themselves to see which shall excel in ludicrous behaviour, and polluting practices. They walk the streets in large companies, drumming and hallooing, and sometimes dancing as they go. Night and day they riot and revel, and think they are pleasing their deity. Indeed their shaster requires it. They throw dust and colored liquid at each other, thus getting themselves

bedaubed with filthiness. Brahmins and lower castes all agree in this. To-day our pundit came all besmeared with yellow and red. I conversed with him on the wickedness and shamefulness of the practice, but he pleaded custom as a sanction. I told him brahmins should teach better customs. He appeared a little mortified and appealed to the practice of the English in betting and horse-racing, as if to balance the conduct of his people, and perhaps excuse it. I told him there were wicked persons among the English, that we were all sinful by nature, and without repentance and renovation, none could please God, or obtain final salvation. He was in some degree silenced, and departing I charged him never to wear such looking garments here again.

"*2d.*—This holy Sabbath has been polluted by the constant abominations of this people. Large companies of two or three hundred march together, occasionally stopping and behaving, it would seem, as bad as possible. My heart is almost ready to faint at the sight. Here we may see some of the obstacles to Christianity. Every thing their religion inculcates is congenial to depraved nature, while true religion requires self-denial and mortification of corrupt propensities. But their hearts are in the hands

of the Lord; this is our comfort, and his promises are our encouragement.

"*April* 5.—For forty days it has been the season of 'Lent' with the Catholics, during which they abstain from meat, and live on the simplest food. Yesterday was 'Good Friday,' and I went to a Portuguese church in the evening, about a mile distant to witness the ceremony of the crucifixion. The house was large, and crowded with people, mostly of their own denomination. As we entered, the priest was speaking, but in a tongue unknown to us, and probably also to most of the audience. The lamps were soon lighted, and afterwards a cross brought out from behind a curtain, which was drawn across one end. At the sight of this the people fell on their knees, the priest in a plaintive tone still haranguing them. It was then removed and concealed by the curtain for a considerable time, which when drawn aside discovered a body extended on the cross, apparently fastened by the hands and feet. At sight of this they again fell on their knees, and soon a clattering sound, representing, I suppose, the earthquake and rending of the rocks, was heard in every part of the house. A solemn, plaintive tone of music followed at intervals—the performers were unseen.

"After a little time, a hearse was brought in, richly covered, which was borne with slow and solemn steps towards the body. Two ladders were also brought and placed against the back of the cross, on each of which a person ascended to prepare the body for the tomb. The head was carefully bound with clean towels, and the body let down and placed on the hearse. It was then carried out with much pomp, and an image of the virgin Mary followed. These ceremonies appear very imposing, and calculated to deceive and captivate the ignorant. Ah! when may we hope to see such a concourse of natives, listening with as much attention and interest to the true gospel, embracing the Saviour indeed with a true and living faith, and conforming their lives to his precepts? Superstition, custom, and depravity, all combine to resist the retiring, unceremonious, unobtrusive, self-mortifying nature of the doctrines he taught. Yet the heathen shall be given him for an inheritance. This we know, though we may not live to see the day with regard to this people.

"*May* 16*th*.—There is a great commotion among the brahmins at present, in consequence of the teachers in the employment of the mission being required to rise in time

of prayer: but more especially, because one of their number, who is now our pundit, actually did arise in the face of all present, who refused to do this. Most of our teachers and pupils confessed the requisition was proper, and avowed their willingness to comply, if all would. But two or three set themselves to oppose, and they found a very ready abettor in a pundit, whom we recently dismissed for misconduct. He plead hard to be retained, and with much sensibility, but he was refused, and went away meditating revenge. The subject of our recent requisition afforded a favorable foundation. He went about exciting the brahminical brotherhood, and every one who appeared disaffected, and strengthened opposition. A learned brahmin from Poonah, now here, was placed at the head, and council after council has been held, trying to make out that adherence to what we require is against caste. The poor, single brahmin who had once stood, was summoned before them, and they now endeavor to convince him he has lost caste. He has not quite firmness of principle sufficient to sustain him, and is therefore much troubled. I sincerely pity him, but still hope it will result in his eternal good. A spirit of prayer is excited among us in his behalf.

"*June 28th.*—Six letters have reached me, which, though nearly or quite a year old, are more precious than treasures of gold. The intelligence has caused my heart to rejoice indeed. I had some hope of a revival in W. but scarcely dared to expect it. And is it indeed true, that so many of the dear youth have embraced the Saviour, and chosen in their best days that good part which can never be taken from them? And may I number among them so many for whom I have felt especially interested? Is it true, that while I was sailing on the tempestuous ocean, deprived of Christian ordinances, and Christian intelligence, they were earnestly crying, 'What must I do to be saved?'—submitting to Jesus, and thus not only finding peace themselves, but giving joy to saints on earth, and angels in heaven? My heart has truly leaped for joy, and I have received a new impulse to encourage and strengthen me in my duties and labors."

CHAPTER XI.

Journal continued.

THE following extracts will show the labors, trials, and encouragements of missionaries, and exhibit the faith and patience they need in their daily intercourse with the heathen.

"*July* 30*th*, 1828.—The inspection of native female schools is attended with no small care and anxiety. To please the children and their parents, and keep in what appears to be the line of duty, is often found too hard to accomplish. The Hindoos do not value learning much for their daughters, it is therefore difficult to persuade them to allow their attendance at school for a sufficient length of time to obtain any real benefit. Induced by the hope of obtaining presents, they will often send them for a little time; but perhaps before they can read a word, or even know their letters, something will call them away;—a festival, a wedding, a removal into the country, or

they are poor and must go away to labor. And yet these hindrances, great as they are have been overcome as much as could be expected in so short a space of time. Such obstacles are common, I believe, through India. But there are other perplexities. The teachers do not understand how to instruct profitably, nor is it an easy matter to learn them, for they are too often hirelings. To encourage the children to be punctual and diligent, we give them rewards occasionally, for which we have certain rules, which they are given to understand. This system of rewards is exceedingly perplexing, but it seems necessary; for unless some worldly motive were placed before them, I know not that it would be possible in the first place to induce them to attend school, or afterwards to continue till any benefit could be obtained."

Children should be influenced by a sense of duty, obligation to God, and their own usefulness, but of these the heathen had no just knowledge, and could not be actuated by them.

"What adds to the burden of all this very much, is their ingratitude. Although at times they will appear much elated, yet if

the reward does not strike their fancy, they will look at it with indifference, and say, they do not want it. They are fond of the gayest colors, as red, yellow, &c., and usually the more gaudy the pattern, the better it pleases. They are not in the least ashamed to beg, and it is difficult to persuade them of the impropriety of such a habit. Indeed it is so common among Hindoos, especially the lower classes, that they think no more of it than of making their salam or bow.

"But there are encouragements too. The picture though gloomy, is not wholly dark. Many difficulties have been overcome. Others by degrees, we trust, will vanish, so that those who follow, if not ourselves, will reap an abundant harvest.

"*August* 17*th*.—We wish very much to dissuade the children in our schools from attending frequent festivals, both as the practice regards their morals and their progress in learning. Two or three days since, I tried to persuade the teacher in my largest school to use his utmost exertions to prevent the children from going to a festival. He inquired, if I would promise a present to those who remained. I told him I would give them something. With much pleasure I learn, that not one left, so

that now I have thirty rewards to give, and I never gave with more satisfaction. One day's revel will perhaps put them back a week. My satisfaction was greater, because this is in a part of the town where they are especially bent on their folly, and exceedingly afraid of being polluted by us.

"29*th*.—For a considerable time past, our hearts have been cheered by the promising appearance of a catholic. His attendance at chapel and other religious meetings has been punctual, and his countenance has indicated the interest he felt in the truths of Scripture. We called at his house a few days past, and were truly pleased with the genuine simplicity, which was apparent in his family. For his wife and three children, he manifests much solicitude; prays with, and instructs them to the extent of his ability daily. The eldest of his children, about six years of age, is a very interesting little girl. His wife at first opposed him, but now seems favorably disposed towards the Protestant religion. To-day, being our monthly fast, was fixed on for his examination previous to his admission into our church. He gave a free and undisguised account of himself. He was once advanced to a station of considerable profit, but his habits becoming corrupted, he was dis-

placed, and considered as gone past recovery. Intemperance had very nearly been his destroyer. For this sin he appears deeply penitent, and admires the long-suffering of God, which reclaimed one so far gone in transgression.

"*Sept. 4th.*—Another teacher, whose school had been suspended in consequence of the requisition made two or three months since, has returned, expressing a desire to resume her employment. As she is a female, and we wish to encourage, as much as possible, the instruction of females by their own sex, it was pleasing to see her return. She is also a person of apparently amiable qualities for a native. She is a sister of Rumma, the teacher who died soon after our arrival, leaving some hope, that she died in faith. Her school is the one that first came under my superintendence, consequently I feel considerable interest in it. She commenced some days since, and appears to prosper.

"*9th.*—Last evening we had a very interesting meeting, which reminded us of home scenes. It was for the purpose of examining another candidate for church-membership—and he is none other than an American. A peculiar train of providential events seems to have cast him on these shores,

and here he is to be gathered into the bosom of the Christian church. In the most unfavorable circumstances, he was brought to feel his lost and wretched state very forcibly, and having no other means to which he could resort, except the word of God and the throne of grace, he seemed compelled to use these, and soon found relief. His convictions however were very pungent and distressing. While he was walking in the grave-yard,* he found the monument of Mrs. H. Newell, erected by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Since he came here I gave him her life to read, which he perused with much interest. His history is rather remarkable, and clearly displays the sovereignty of divine grace, as well as a wisely directing providence.

"18*th*.—Another heathen festival. It is a custom on several such occasions to form various images, and worship them several days, and then have a day of great apparent merriment, at the close of which they throw them into the sea. This is Gunputta's holi-

* Mr. Baker was at that time living in the Isle of France. He remained in Bombay for some months and then left in an English ship. In a few weeks after, he died rejoicing in the hope and consolation of the Gospel.

day. Many images have been carried past towards the ocean, some of him, and some of his mother. They are borne on men's shoulders in a sitting posture. What a picture to the contemplative mind! I have been forcibly reminded of the folly of the Israelites, when they exclaimed, 'These be thy gods, O Israel.'

"19*th*.—The brahmin from Panwell came again on Tuesday, and has remained three days. He says, when he went home from here last, he tore up his *toolusee*, (a sacred tree attached to most of the native houses for worship,) and when he was asked, why he did thus, he said, it was like any other tree, why should he keep it? Early in the morning he took his stone god, about one foot in length, wrapt it in a cloth, and threw it into a brook. When his family inquired where his god was, he told them, he was gone to join his mates; that it was only a stone, and had no power to do any thing for them.

"His whole appearance is very serious and interesting, and we cannot but hope, that a good work is begun, which will result in great mercy, even salvation to himself and family, encouragement to us, and glory to God in the view of this people. He said he should remove his family to this place,

that he and they might receive instruction constantly.

"*Oct. 1st.*—Last evening Mr. B., who has been with us for several days, was taken severely ill, and his sickness increased until he thought surely the hour of his departure was at hand. His mind was calm and heavenly, and his views of divine things clear and joyful. He called for some of the youth in our family, and exhorted them earnestly and tenderly to secure an interest in the Saviour immediately. He seemed to feel eternity near, and its vast concerns a solemn reality. He however, obtained some rest, and is much easier this morning. Hope the Lord has designs of mercy toward this mission in his preservation.

"*31st.*—Yesterday the meeting of the Missionary Union commenced. To-day we had the first public examination of all the female schools attached to our mission. Most of the children with their teachers were present. I think there were two hundred or more. The first classes of all the schools united in one, and read the second chapter of Matthew, and answered some questions from it. They then repeated the third chapter and a part of the catechism which is used in our schools. This they had learned through. The second

class could read with considerable fluency. They repeated the ten commandments, and had writing to exhibit. A little sewing was then brought forward as a specimen of their ingenuity in that branch of industry. It is but a short time since any of them were willing to learn to sew, considering it rather degrading. However this feeling is subsiding, and soon I hope they will become skilled in using the needle. An address was delivered in Mahratta, suited to encourage the children; the exercises closed with prayer. The children seemed animated, and I think the effect will be good. The spectators too were gratified.

"*Nov.* 3*d.*—Monthly Concert. According to appointment, the day is observed as a season of fasting and prayer. This custom is established for the first Monday in every month throughout the Union. A prayer meeting is held in the afternoon, and a missionary sermon delivered in the evening, at the close of which the Lord's supper was administered.

"8*th.*—Several donations have already been received for the female schools, elicited by the exhibition. People here contribute by twenty, thirty, or an hundred rupees. One gentleman has given one hundred."

CHAPTER XII.

Journal continued.

"*Nov.* 22*d*, 1828.—Last evening I witnessed a most affecting sight—the funeral pile of two Hindoos burning. Passing along by the sea-side, we suddenly came to the place for burning the dead. The shore and its vicinity, was literally a Golgotha. There was one pile that was composed almost wholly of human skulls! The English burying ground is near the place, and also another—Portuguese or Mussulman; so that it seemed indeed like the habitations of the dead. The still waters of the ocean spreading wide, and extending far on the one hand, and the mild rays of the moon darting through the trees on the other, seemed calculated to nourish solemn thought, and inspire the mind with a kind of awe, as if *here* to trifle would be profaneness!

"But in the midst of the bones of the dead, and with the funeral flames rising in full view, the thoughtless natives were wandering here and there, apparently as care-

less, as if in the midst of festivity. Alas! they know not the anguish that awaits transgressors beyond the tomb! nor the terrors of the living God whom they daily offend! They generally believe in transmigration. Some, however, believe that wicked people at death become evil spirits, who wander about, and torment the inhabitants of the world.

"27*th.*—This is an interesting day to me, for it completes a year since we landed on this island. One year, I have been living in the midst of idolaters, and been a witness of their superstitions. One year I have been employed in those labors, or in preparation for them, for which I left my native land. Certainly one year less have I to labor, one year nearer am I to the judgment seat. One year less to be separated from my dear relatives and friends, or, one year nearer an *eternal separation!* Although I have reason to lament the want of greater zeal and confidence in the promises of God, yet through help obtained from him, *something* is done. I can now read the Testament, and understand the religious services of the chapel, with tolerable facility. I can make myself understood, and usually discover the meaning of others, in the Mahratta language, for the purpose of conver-

sation and in giving some instruction. But I wish to know more—much more I have need to learn. May I obtain grace, whether years, or months, or days shall be added to my life, to devote my strength and influence to the glory of God. At present, appearances are very encouraging with regard to one of the females in our family. I hope and trust she is under the influence of that Spirit, which leadeth into all truth, and that some rays of light have beamed upon her mind, as the earnest of a brighter day.*

"*Dec. 7th.*—My parents will, perhaps, recollect this day, as the anniversary of their daughter's birth. I hope, not with pensive sadness, but with gratitude, that they have been permitted to devote her to the work of instructing the heathen. Nor will they cease, I trust, to invoke for her that divine wisdom and grace, so requisite in a situation of such responsibility."

21*st.*—In alluding to the case of a female who was sick, and who appeared favorable to religion, Mrs. A. remarks, "I fear she, and two or three other women in the same school, are like 'stony ground' hearers,

*The person here referred to, became some months subsequent to this, a member of the Mission Church in Bombay.

They seem to have no just views of sin, though they are ready to acknowledge they are sinful; they appear to want those deeply humbling views of it, that are connected with godly sorrow. This is a general truth, I believe, with regard to this people. It is difficult to make them feel the evil of sin, as involving great personal guilt. So dreadfully dark and blind are their minds!

"*23d.*—The mother of the female teacher who died about a year since, is very sick; and being quite old, we fear will not recover. She has attentively received instruction for a long time, and when at the native service at the chapel, has often been remarked for her earnest attention. She says she trusts in Christ, that she worships only the living God, and prays to him.

"*25th.*—Last night the person mentioned above, died. Her daughter who was with her constantly, said she continued to the last to manifest by signs, that her trust was in Christ, and to look up to God to take her to the good place.

"Miss B. respecting whom our hopes have been excited, has continued to give increasing evidence of a saving change being indeed wrought in her heart. My Christian friends will rejoice with us, that in the midst of so much darkness, and so

little piety, such a favor has been vouchsafed us, and that we are permitted to hope we have not labored wholly in vain.

"31*st*.—Arrived at the close of another year. We feel that we have abundant cause for gratitude in reviewing the past year. God has visited our little church with some tokens of mercy. One of the Catholic religion has publicly renounced his errors, embraced the Saviour, and devoted himself and children to the Lord in baptism, and cheers our hearts by his consistent Christian walk. Another has been added to us, and we trust salvation has come to yet another.

"*Jan.* 10*th*, 1829.—Contrary to all expectations, Anna Graves is apparently recovering. She is a dear child to me. Having lived so long in the same house, and seeing few other children, except the little tawny, dirty natives, it is not strange if I feel a strong attachment to her. In writing thus of the native children I would not intimate that I feel indifferent to them. Some of them are pretty, interesting girls; but their habits are disgusting. Could I take one and manage her as I please, I think she would soon appear as well as English children."

While at Calcutta, Mr. and Mrs. A. formed an acquaintance with a Mr. Marley, who was pursuing studies, preparatory to missionary labor. Subsequently he embarked on board the Topaz for America. Under date of January 18th, Mrs. A. writes, "Mr. Anderson remarks that suspicions were entertained, that the Topaz had been burnt by pirates."

"22*d*.—By the Bombay papers of to-day, our fears for the fate of the Topaz, are painfully confirmed. It is stated from a Calcutta paper, that a number of pirates have been taken, put in custody, and confessed many flagrant enormities, among which, is the taking of an American vessel, off Ascension Island, murdering all on board, and afterwards burning the ship. Mysterious indeed are the ways of Providence—but justice and judgment are still the habitation of his throne. Who shall say, 'what doest thou?'

"Our minds have been much impressed, and shocked in view of this catastrophe, and various have been my emotions in reflecting on it. While the thought of so many immortal beings hurried into eternity in so sudden and awful a manner is truly

appalling; while the feeling heart must throb with compassion in view of their defenceless state, and the probably unexpected manner of their attack, perhaps, hailed as friends unapprised of their danger, till finding themselves surrounded with brutal savages, ready to butcher them with unrelenting cruelty; *we*, who have so recently crossed the same great waters, and passed near the same place, where so many enormities were soon after perpetrated, feel, that we have a fresh call for gratitude, to Him who was our preserver, and caused us to glide along so safely and swiftly to our destined port. We would regard it as a token that something remains for us to accomplish in the vineyard of our Lord, that neither the waves of the sea, the monsters of the deep, or those more hideous monsters in human form, who hesitate not to imbrue their hands in the blood of their defenceless fellow beings, were permitted to arm themselves for our destruction or injury. We would hail it as a token that something remains for us to perform for this people, that we were permitted to land on these shores, and fix our station here under such favorable circumstances. O that divine grace would preserve us from being unfaithful stewards, or slothful servants.

"24*th*.—Mr. Allen and myself took a ride to Bandora, a village at a short distance from Mahim. We had a delightful ride, and enjoyed a fine country prospect, which after confinement to a city for so long a time was truly refreshing.

"At Mahim is a fine building for a Catholic church. At Bandora there are two.

"We often see the remains of Catholic power, and the priests do their utmost to maintain its sway over the ignorant. But the most they can do, is to keep their former ground, and there are many marks of decay among them. The time is approaching when the beast must be destroyed, and there are many tokens here that his dominion is short. We have recently heard of a Catholic priest who has renounced his errors, and embracing the Christian faith, has become a preacher of the gospel.

"30*th*.—My friends at home, who can lie down at night with windows and doors all unfastened, will scarcely know how to sympathize with those, who are at any time subject to be alarmed by thieves. They will almost be ready to attribute any such fears to timidity. But if they could know the dreadful enormities sometimes committed by thieves in Bombay, they would not be surprised if a disturbance about the house

in the night, should a little break the rest of females sleeping in it alone. There have been several instances since I have been here, of robberies accompanied with murder. English people generally keep one or more natives to watch during the night, and the instances have not been few, in which they have turned thieves, and purloined the property they were placed to defend. It is said that seapoys who are set to watch the city at night, will sometimes so betray their trust that at the striking of the bell, they cry, 'all's well,' and immediately engage themselves in a robbery. So destitute of moral feeling are those who have no fear of God before they eyes.

"*Feb.* 11*th.*—There is nothing here that well supplies the place of apples; and milk is seldom obtained unmixed with water. A *seer* is the common measure here, as well as weight. In measure it is about a pint; and for a seer of milk we give five pice which is nearly five cents. Almost every article of food is high in Bombay. I am obliged to manage with as much economy as possible. We expect not, we wish not the luxuries of life; but we have more of its comforts than many missionaries enjoy. We have reason to be grateful for so great blessings and so few privations. 'A man's

life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesses;' and a pilgrim in a strange land, will surely be content, with a comfortable supply for present necessity, looking forward to his Father's house, for that which constitutes enjoyment and rest.

"17*th*.—Mr. Graves has gone in search of the lamented Hall's grave, taking a plain stone to erect on the spot, and distinguish the place where he lies. On it, is inscribed in English, merely his name and office and the time of his death. Beneath it is an inscription in Mahratta, of nearly the following import—'A servant of Christ, Gordon Hall, travelling in this place to declare the worship of one God and the only way of salvation through his own incarnation, died and was buried here. Concerning this salvation do you make search; for you also it is necessary.'

"I have often wished to send a more connected and full account of Bombay, its climate, productions, &c., than I have yet done: perhaps I cannot better fill the remainder of this manuscript, than by giving some particulars of this kind: I have already mentioned the estimated number of inhabitants to be 220,000. The adjoining town or island of Salsette contains 60,000 people. These are of various languages and va-

rious religions. There are also various shades of complexion, from the blackness of the negro to the fairness of the English. The negroes, here called caffres, are not very numerous. They form a distinct caste, and live mostly by themselves. The native Mahrattas are much the same in form and size as the English. They are not usually very dark, though there is not an uniformity in their complexion. Were they early taught habits of application and reflection, I think their minds would be equally capable of improvement, with those of our favored countrymen. But all their practices and opinions are calculated to debase and stupify the mental powers, as well as to paralyze exertion.

"The Mussulman caste have a very high opinion of themselves, and usually appear in much neater and cleaner dress, than the Mahrattas. Their language is Hindoostanee. The Parsees rank next the English population. They are often of a fair complexion, and few of them are poor. They are a commercial and enterprising people. They imitate the manners and customs of the English to considerable extent, frequently appear in great style, and discover considerable haughtiness of air and mien. Many of the Mussulmans are Arabs. They

have a peculiar dress—long flowing robes, sometimes black, and sometimes of various colors. These, with their long beards and majestic attitude, give them quite a commanding appearance. I have often been forcible reminded of patriarchal times, and imagined their appearance to correspond with that of the ancient Jews. I suppose that many of the customs and ceremonies of this country are strikingly similar to those of scripture times. Certainly I never so clearly understood many scriptural descriptions and allusions, as since I have witnessed them.

"There are in Bombay fifteen or twenty thousand Catholics. Eight Protestant missionary stations have been formed within the presidency of Bombay, connected with five different societies in Great Britain and America.

"The various means of conveyance in use here, are such as must excite the curiosity of every stranger. There is every grade that can be imagined, from the splendid chariot to the meanest vehicle that can be formed. There are various descriptions of chaises, some most elegant, some very mean. The natives manufacture them, and many are shipped from England, as also from Bengal. There is one kind of car-

riage that has often made me smile, and I wish I could picture it to my friends. It is a pair of wheels drawn by a single horse. Directly over the wheels is a kind of large pillion, made so large that four, five, or six natives sit on it. I have seen little carriages for children drawn by a goat, and many very elegant and expensive ones for those of the affluent, drawn by a servant, for a little airing, at evening. Gentlemen and ladies of all classes ride in palanquins. These are carried on the shoulders of four men, two before and two behind. When I first arrived here it seemed unpleasant and melancholy to see them, they so much resembled a bier.

"The climate of Bombay is commonly considered healthy and temperate for the latitude. From the latter part of November to the first of March, the weather is cool and comfortable. There are some quite cold nights; it would almost seem there might be frosts; but it has never been known here. It is not very uncommon at Surat, 300 miles north of this. At this season the birds sing as in spring at home: and I seldom go to chapel in the day-time, without being reminded of the psalmist's declaration, 'The swallow hath found a place

for her nest, even thy tabernacles,' &c. It is thus here literally.

"April and May are excessively warm. But from June, when the rains set in, to October, there is quite a pleasant temperature. October is hot, and considered the most unhealthy month in the year; probably on account of the exhalations.

"I believe rice is the only kind of esculent grain that grows in Bombay. Wheat of good quality is brought here, and we have good bread at a reasonable rate. Vegetables are various at all seasons of the year. Onions, lettuce, peas, turnips, &c., may be obtained.

"Figs, raisins, and nuts of various kinds are brought from the Persian gulf. Dates are abundant. Oranges are not so good as in America. There are no lemons. Limes supply their place, but are far inferior. Citrons look very much like lemons, only larger and rather more bitter."

CHAPTER XIII.

Journal continued.

"*March* 17*th*, 1829.—Mr. Graves returned from his long tour. We have all reason to bless God not only for continuing to him so good a measure of health, but also for giving him so prosperous a journey with many opportunities to preach Jesus and him crucified to multitudes, who had never before heard his name. The stone to designate the spot where the lamented Hall* sleeps in the midst of idolaters, was placed according to our wish, where it may serve as a memento to many a bewildered pagan, of one, who desired his salvation, and lost his life in attempts to promote it. Mr. G. described his feelings as having been very peculiar, on visiting the sepulchral spot of that dear brother in his labors. He had opportunity to recall to mind many an interesting feeling and painful struggle, which

* 'Mr. Hall died March 20th, 1826, while he was on a preaching tour upon the continent, at a place called Dhorlee-Dapoor. He was attacked with the cholera, and died in about nine hours.'

strove for existence in the breast of the dying missionary, far from friends and relatives, who might have administered to his wants in nature's last extremity. But his Saviour's presence was with him. His last words were, 'glory, glory,' and undoubtedly he was speedily transferred to such glory as mortal eye hath never seen.

"*April 6th.*—Last evening, three persons entered into church covenant with us at the chapel, after which the sacrament was administered to perhaps thirty persons, some of whom were pious soldiers from the fort, who frequently come to worship with us, and enjoy the ordinances of the gospel."

The lively interest which the missionaries take in the monthly concert for prayer, is often expressed in Mrs. A.'s writings. The following is another specimen.

"*Monday, June 1st.*—On the day of monthly concert for prayer, it is always pleasant to direct my thoughts homewards. What multitudes of those who love the cause of Zion, and long for the salvation of the heathen, assemble during the sun's revolution to pray for this object—an object for which Jesus laid down his life, and for which we are permitted to labor. We do feel that it

is a cause which must prevail, though in this place, were we to look only at human agency, we must utterly despair. During our short residence here, we have often had sanguine hopes raised only to be blasted. It has frequently proved true, that those, who seemed particularly promising at first, have afterwards peculiarly tried us. But what can be expected of the human heart without any cultivation, without the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and with no moral restraint! O could those, who have always enjoyed the light of the gospel, and the privileges of Christianity, for a little time behold the degradation of this people; could they witness their vacant stare, when asked if they know who came to save them; could they follow them into their various conditions of life, and see the slavery in which they involve themselves to sin and the prince of darkness, together with the strength of those chains in which they voluntarily fetter themselves; surely their hearts would yearn over them, and their supplications would rise with increasing fervency, that God would here hasten this fulfilment of his promises. Multitudes are daily going down to the grave in ignorance and darkness, and if any seem favorably disposed towards the way of salvation, there are others ready to

dissuade and ridicule, perhaps to threaten them. But the numerous obstacles in the way of this people's conversion are as nothing before the power of God's Spirit. Even such a moral desert as this, shall blossom as the rose. How cheering to think, that from these selfish hearts the fire of divine love shall ascend; in these wretched cottages, the song of redeeming mercy shall be heard. Haste, happy day! May this generation witness its dawn."

During the summer and autumn, Mrs. A. experienced a painful and protracted sickness. Concerning the state of her mind at this season, she thus writes; "I think I felt a resignation to whatever might be the divine will. I knew I could not endure long without relief, and though I felt, that I was sinking, I was confident, that if He, who had called me to this field, had anything for me to accomplish in his service, He could with infinite ease raise me. *I am raised*, and O that my life might be to his praise and glory."

"More than half the members of our mission suffered more or less this season. Mrs. G. was brought as low as myself, while her dear little Anna was wasting away, even to

death. She was, however, partially restored before the child was removed. I was always much attached to that child. She was the picture of innocence, and I was forcibly reminded frequently of our beloved little Harriet. She was taken near the same age, and left her parents for the third time childless, though not comfortless. Mr. G. is always feeble, but this could not appear from his labors. His naturally strong constitution, worn down by constant, untiring efforts, we are often fearful, will sink. Should he be taken from us, his place could not for a long time, be filled. His knowledge of the language is such as to qualify him in a peculiar manner for usefulness.

The amazing burden and expense of maintaining a system of heathen worship, to say nothing of its polluting ceremonies, may be learned from their frequent festivals. These together with the *unlucky days*, are supposed to occupy one half of the year.

"*7th.*—Gunputta's festival had but just closed, when another of *fifteen days*' continuance commenced. It is called *petru puksh*, and is kept in honor of their ancestors. Assembling at each others' houses, they call over the names of their deceased relatives,

perform some idolatrous rites, and then close with feasting. The company meeting together perform these ceremonies in rotation at each others' houses, until they have been through the circle.

"This people seem willing to render homage to every thing, except the true God. They worship even their houses, their furniture, and each other. It is difficult for those who have not witnessed it, to conceive of their mental degradation.

"20*th*.—Miss Farrar has just returned from a visit to the Scottish mission, whither she went for her health, which had been impaired. During her absence I had the care of twelve schools, which required superintendence as often as every third day each. I had strength given me to endure the labor remarkably.

"Mrs. Graves is again taken off from her labors by disease. She with Mr. Graves are about to leave this place for a few days to try a little change on the water.

"I give my time now almost wholly to the schools and the study of Mahratta. I enjoy myself in my employment, and would not willingly exchange it. Yet I feel it is one of awful responsibility. O, my dear friends, pray fervently for me and for these perishing millions; especially that those few, who

hear the word of life, may not reject it to their greater condemnation.

"*Nov. 1st.*—The annual meeting of the Missionary Union in this place. The reports of last year's proceedings in each mission were given at the mission chapel. They were such as to afford abundant evidence, that not only is the way of the Lord preparing, but his work is already advancing. Mr. Nesbit from the Scottish mission, reported the accession of three natives to their church during the year. He also related many particulars of a very interesting tour, made by two of their brethren to Poonah and its vicinity in the Decan, or country over the Ghauts. Their house during their stay was literally thronged daily by those who came for tracts, or to receive instruction. A few years since, application was made to the government for leave to establish a mission at Poonah, but the request was denied from a fear lest the brahmins, who possess great influence and considerable independence in that region, should be so offended as to cause an insurrection. They *were* so much excited on this occasion as to present a petition to government, that the missionaries might be silenced or compelled to leave them; but they received answer, that they must defend themselves with the same weap-

ons as those with which they were attacked. By this, as well as many other things, we have evidence that the influence of divine truth is gaining ground in this country.

"The signs of the times, to those who have been attentive observers, do indeed betoken that the morn approacheth, although as yet a great and dreadful darkness prevails. It is the opinion of many, and it appears to be rational, that so soon as these dry bones begin to discover signs of life, there will be a great shaking. When truth begins to be clearly apprehended, there will be a great struggle between the opposing powers of light and darkness; but 'truth is great and must prevail.' The prophecy may yet be fulfilled respecting this people, 'A nation shall be born in a day.'

"During the missionary meeting the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number of five or six different denominations, the schools were examined, and much satisfaction was expressed at witnessing the progress, which has been gradually made.

"*Nov. 7th.*—To-day is a feast with the natives, and toward evening the marriage of the toolusee tree is celebrated. Toolusee they suppose to have been a female raised to deity by Vishnoo, but being curs-

ed by Lukshmee his wife, in a fit of jealousy, she was turned into this tree. The natives regard the tree as very sacred, and most of them have it growing near their houses in some form. Those who are able, build a pillar of chunam, a kind of plaister used in the construction of houses. It is made in a square form, hollow towards the top, where it is filled with earth for the support of the tree, which is not large. Around this pillar the members of the family daily perform some ceremonies, and it is considered as a guardian deity. When the marriage of the tree takes place, an image of some kind is placed by its side, and the same services are performed as at any other wedding. There must be an officiating brahmin, who receives his fees. Our teacher told me, that on one occasion he obtained two rupees for such performances. I took up two garments, which were near me, and inquired if he could marry *them;* intimating that there was as much propriety in this as the other case. He smiled, but attempted no answer. At the time of marriage, the people worship the tree and the image, Does such a description seem incredible? Alas! this is but trifling compared with many of their absurdities.

"16*th*.—To-day as I was conversing with

our teacher, he described a practice among the natives, which strikingly shows how far different is their religion from true Christianity. If a person conceives a very strong dislike to another for any cause, he will perhaps go to the priest of some idol, and say, if that god will afflict the person or kill him, he will make a certain offering which he names. This the priest engages to do. How directly calculated is such a practice to cherish some of the worst principles of the depraved heart!

"*Dec.* 1*st.*—I send a little image to gratify your curiosity. It is a household god, and those who are able, often have six, eight, ten, or twelve of different kinds set up for worship. They have a ceremony which they consider a consecration, and after an image has been consecrated, it is deemed a sacrilege to dispose of it. But poverty sometimes compels the owner to do this. Probably this image has been consecrated. It is a goddess, her name Unnapoorna; the first word signifying *food*, the last *full*. Thus they render it, 'The goddess that gives food,' and a Hindoo thinks, if he repeats her name as soon as he awakes in the morning, he shall be well supplied with food for the day.

"8*th.*—For the improvement of my health,

which has for a short time been so impaired as to render me wholly unfit for attending to my schools, Mr. A. has taken a small native vessel for the purpose of living a few days on the water, designing also to visit schools on the continent, and distribute tracts as opportunity may be offered. May the Lord go with us with his special presence and grace.

"10*th*.—Radunda, a village about thirty miles south of Bombay. We arrived at this place about three o'clock, and immediately going on shore, proceeded to the school. The teacher is a Jew, and a very intelligent man for a native of India. We found seventy or eighty children and youth, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. They repeat the ten commandments, catechism, &c., and many of them read the Testament with readiness. Many of the children are Jews, and there were five girls present. The school numbers about one hundred, when all are present.*

* There are thirty-five schools attached to the Bombay mission—17 for boys and 18 for girls, comprising about 1,000 boys, and not far from 500 girls. Ten of the boys' schools are in different villages on the continent; the others, with all the female schools, are on the island of Bombay. Most of the schools on the continent are under the instruction of Jewish teachers, and exert a favorable influence on the people.—*Miss. Her.*

"12*th*.—We left Radunda early, and came to Allebay five or six miles distant, and nearer to Bombay. Here we visited the Mahratta school, the Jewish being suspended because it was their Sabbath. We found eighty or ninety children in the school, eleven of them girls. The first class read fluently in the Testament, and could repeat the commandments and catechism. Two of the girls were readers. After examination, Mr. A. made remarks to the children and closed with prayer. Many natives gathered around to hear. Some desired books, and after distributing a few we returned to the boat.

"13*th*.—Spent the Sabbath on board. Mr. A. went on shore in the morning, and found opportunity for giving instruction and books to many. May a divine blessing attend his labors. It is very painful to behold on every side the neglect of the Sabbath, that prevails. The managers of the boat are Mussulmans and totally disregard the day. The children of the village are playing on the shore, and the stir of business is seen and heard in every direction. When shall the Sabbath be here a delight, the 'holy of the Lord, and honorable!' The land is every where polluted with idols, and the minds and hearts of men, chained

to their superstitious observances. But the desire of nations shall here be revealed, and then shall this people cheerfully submit to his sway.

"21*st*.—Mr. A. and myself rode to Mahim to examine a female school, and attend to some other duties. We had received intimations of a widow lady, an Indo-Briton, or half-caste, residing there, whose attention had been called to religious subjects. We visited her and were much pleased,—think there is much encouragement to strive to enlighten her more fully in the knowledge of the truth. As we returned we came by a circuitous route in order to view a large building, formerly a Catholic College. Marks of desertion and decay now appear, which must be painful to those who hold the Papal faith. The building has indeed an imposing appearance. There is a large area inside, which must have afforded a delightful retreat for amusement and exercise. The building must have been exceedingly expensive, as it is finished in a neat and costly style.

"There are many such edifices, now gone to decay, in this part of India where the Catholics were formerly very numerous.

"*Dec.* 31*st*.—This season has awakened some important reflections. One era after

another of our lives passes away, nor can we remain stationary. Soon eternity with all its vast realities must burst upon our vision. May we then daily do with our might what our hand findeth to do, that the Son of man coming may not surprise us sleeping.

"*May 2d.*—Went again to visit the school at Mahim, and called on the woman before mentioned, as apparently inquiring the way of life. She very much needs instruction, but I have reason to hope the Holy Spirit is her teacher, and that through his blessing on the little instruction she occasionally receives, she may be made wise unto salvation. Her husband was a military character of considerable standing, and has left her a comfortable independency. She has with her a little boy, a nephew, a very intelligent lad. He had been transcribing some hymns from a little book we had lent him, and I promised him one as a present, if he would learn well. She is readingDoddridge's Rise and Progress, and is much delighted with it. She had been writing some of the prayers, which she thought suitable to herself; but complains much of wandering thoughts in prayer, and of a wicked heart. May the Sun of Righteousness soon scatter her doubts, and dispel all her darkness.

"We have rather discouraging intelligence respecting Mr. Graves' health. After his arrival at the Neilgherries, (the meaning of this term is, Neil, blue; gherry, hill—blue-hills,) he seemed better, but now he is not so well, and is advised by the physician not to touch a book. Mrs. G. writes, that it is a delightful region, in many respects like New England, but without its sudden changes. Dr. and Mrs. Scudder are their neighbors. These hills are likely to become a resort for invalids in India of much importance. Some from Bombay are there most of the time. The Church Missionary Society, are about to establish a seminary there, in which the children of their missionaries are to be educated gratuitously.

"3*d*.—There are three persons at present, who wish to become connected with our church.

"The cholera is prevailing, to a dreadful extent among the natives, and some English people also suffer from it. There are probably as many as 100 deaths daily, in this place. Our number are all yet in comfortable health, though it is of the Lord's mercies, that we are not consumed. In such a dying clime as this, we have almost daily occasion to feel that death is in the midst of us. Pray that we may make the Lord

our refuge, and the Most High our habitation. If we do thus, all will be well."

"*July 12th*, 1830.—A few days since as I was visiting a school, the mother of one of the children came in (as the parents often do,) to see what is done in School. I spoke to her about the ten commandments which God has given to direct our conduct, and how happy people would be, if they would only observe them. I then repeated some of them to her, and on hearing the fifth commandment, the mother pointed to her child and complained of her disobedience. I then told the child to repeat the fifth commandment. She did so, and the mother said, 'that is very good; but my child will not obey me. She is continually disregarding my commands.' I then admonished the girl, and reminded the other children of their duty to obey their parents. I asked some of the larger girls what they ought to do, if their parents should command them to do what God has forbidden. They readily replied, 'we ought to do as God commands, and if our parents should tell us to do contrary, we must not do it.'

"*August 7th.*—Yesterday as the native girls were sitting around me at their sewing, I questioned them in a catechism they had learned some time ago to ascertain whether

they remembered it; and was glad to find that they answered the questions very well. On the answers to the questions, 'What will Christ say to the wicked? And what will he say to the righteous?' I enlarged considerably on the punishment God will inflict on transgressors, and the happiness he will bestow on the righteous. When I had done, one of the girls said, 'when I hear such things I am filled with fear;' and another replied, 'such things make me fear very much.' I asked her what she feared—if she was afraid of the displeasure of God for her sins? One replied, 'but if I love Jesus Christ, and believe in him, he will save me.' I then said, but if you do not love Jesus Christ, what then? She replied, 'then I must be punished for my sins.' I then told her she had reason to fear this would be the case, if she did not begin to love him immediately, and I urged her to believe the gospel.

"Another seemed to think God must be cruel to punish men so much for their sins. I asked her if one whom I hired to labor in any way should daily be told what I wished him to do, but should immediately go away and do contrary, and after repeated admonitions, should persist in such conduct, if in such a case I should say, I will have no

more to do with such a disobedient man, but will cast him away, should I then be cruel? She replied, 'no, certainly.' I then showed in what manner God's commandments are daily broken, while men are dependent on him for all they enjoy—even for continuing them in being every moment.—And if men persist in disobeying God through all their lives, will he be cruel to cast them off? Hearing this, she seemed satisfied that the ways of God in dealing with the wicked, are perfectly right.

"*Oct. 4th.*—I cannot but indulge the hope that God is giving us a spirit of prayer for these heathen, which he will answer in turning them to himself. It seemed to me that during the service in the native language, this morning, I felt something of that spirit which Paul felt when he said, 'My little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you.' He who searcheth the heart, knoweth what is the mind of the spirit, and whether these desires arise from genuine love to men, and a desire for the glory of God. If they do not, O Lord, work within me those that do.

"*Dec. 7th.*—I am this day thirty years old. Many years have passed away, since I have occupied a place in the vineyard of the Lord, and many mercies I have receiv-

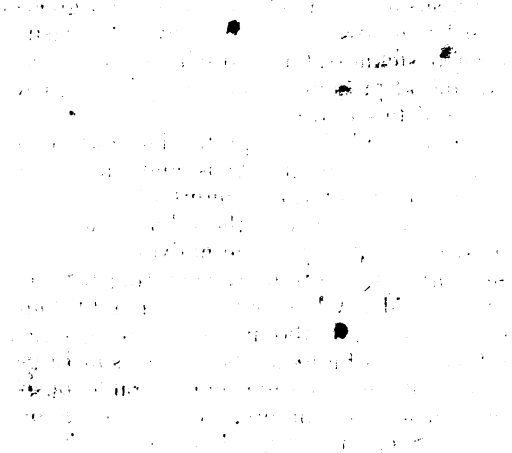
ed. To me there must 'ere long be a *last year*, *a last day*, *a last moment*. I hear the admonitory voice, 'Do with thy might what thy hand findeth to do; the night cometh when no man can work.' Perhaps it may be near to me, even the night of death. But the dawn of eternal day is discovered by the eye of faith; and though the blackness of darkness awaits all unbelievers, yet they who trust in Jesus shall be saved from that awful state. Though many and dark be the stains of sin, yet the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and robes of glory shall forever adorn those who have washed in that precious fountain. I have given myself in covenant to God, to be his for time and eternity; and if I am his in life I shall be also in death. May I not then cheerfully say,

'Then, sun of nature, roll along,
And bear my years away,
The sooner I shall join the song
Of everlasting day.'

"*Dec.* 28.—I have this day visited two of the female schools under my care, and, as it may prove interesting to some of my friends, I will describe the manner in which they are managed. When I go in, I first hear the lessons which were previously given, asking questions as I proceed in regard to the meaning. If the lesson is well recited,

I then give them another, and direct the class to be in readiness for reading. After hearing all the lessons in this manner, I hear the class read, requiring them frequently to define words and express the meaning of sentences, interspersing them with such remarks as are suggested by the subject. Frequently while I am in school, the bell for idol-worship in the family is rung, and I often endeavor to show them the folly and absurdity of worshipping such senseless objects. Before leaving the school I examine the writing of all the children on the semaboards, and frequently the whole school unite in repeating the Lord's prayer, or a hymn which they have learned. In each school are four classes. The fourth class consists of those who learn the single and compound letters, and when they are able to read and write short words, they enter the third class. When they are able to read easy and simple lessons, they go into the second class. While in this class, they learn the ten commandments, and a catechism containing some of the first principles of Christianity, and improve in reading till they read in the Mahratta New Testament with facility, and then they enter the first class. While in this class, they daily practise reading in the scriptures, and other

suitable books, attend a little to the first principles of arithmetic, and also to writing on paper. Some of the more advanced girls study a small book on geography, which has been prepared for them, and commit to memory selected passages from the scriptures."



CHAPTER XIV.

Letters written at Bombay.

"*Bombay, Nov.* 27, 1828.

"*My ever dear parents,*—The Lord has led us in a way of mercy. It has not been without its thorns to make us feel that we are in the wilderness, or its crosses to make us realize we are in the enemy's country, yet a sustaining hand has upheld, and goodness has followed us. We have been visited with sickness, but health has soon returned, and at present we are enjoying a good share of this rich blessing.

"Our family being pretty large at present, my cares are numerous, and I have but little time to sit down uninterruptedly for study. I am daily in the schools, and almost constantly with the natives, and consequently am continually acquiring the language. Mr. A. sits with the pundit four or five hours in the day. He also visits schools, distributes tracts, preaches in English in his turn, besides considerable business of a public nature, which devolves on him as Secretary of the Tract Society.

"Now as this is a kind of conversation letter, and I wish to give you as distinct a view as possible of our situation and manner of life, I will be a little particular. Our family consists of eight.—Mr. A. and myself, Miss Farrar, and a little girl of six years under her care, our two scholars, and two boys. According to the customs of the country, necessarily consequent on its sultry climate the work of the family is performed by servants. The cooking is done out of the house. Now do not start, nor let any one think that I have come hither to live in delicate ease or idleness. Indeed it is not so. Mrs. Stone and myself have often remarked to each other, how much more congenial with our inclinations it would be, to manage our family concerns, without the perplexity of trusting to servants. But in this country Europeans *cannot* do thus. Their constitutions cannot sustain it. Besides we feel that we were sent hither not *merely* to take care of our families. Of these we must necessarily have the care and superintendence, and do much for them with our own hands; but there is a nobler work to be performed, and in this we, as well as our husbands, are expected to take a part, and I trust we deem it our privilege. I am sure I never was employed more busi-

ly in my life, from morning till night, and from day to day, than I now am. Few mornings pass, except the Sabbath, but taking an early breakfast, I am out at school until about ten o'clock. Then, for some months past, a native girl, who assists in one of my schools, has been in the habit of coming to learn to sew. At twelve she goes to dinner, then returns to school, and comes again at four or half past, with two or three women for the same object. Of course I prepare their sewing, and inspect it, which requires no small portion of time. Two days in a week, six or eight, sometimes more, girls come from another school for the same purpose, I also hear them read, and question them. All this, with the teachers to pay monthly, and the providing of presents for the children and clothing for my family and teaching them, you can easily imagine, takes most of my time. I find very little leisure for reading in English except the Sabbath, and then the forenoon and evening are principally taken up in the public religious exercises; and sometimes in the afternoon, one or two native females have been here to read and receive instruction. Such a life as I now live is much more harassing and perplexing, than that to which I was accustomed for some

months before I left home. But I hope I have some realizing sense for whom these labors are performed, even for Him who sought not his own pleasure, but divested himself of his glory, went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men, shrunk not from sufferings the most intense, nor even from giving his own life a ransom for his enemies. O for a larger share of his Spirit, for greater conformity to him.

"There is a great multitude of beggars in Bombay, many lame, halt, maimed, and blind. They daily go about begging, and were quite troublesome to us before we established a certain day and hour for them to come, when some instruction is given as well as alms. We seldom go out without finding them 'sitting by the way-side begging.' I have seen companies of those who are blind to the number of eight or ten with one leader, and the rest putting their hand on the shoulder of the forward one. Every Sabbath they have charity distributed at the English Church-gate. They plead very earnestly, and they are truly wretched objects.

"One of the females in our family appears to be under the influences of the Holy Spirit. I am not without hope, that she has already embraced the Saviour by a living

faith. She is rather reserved, but disclosed her feelings to me two or three times so as to cheer and comfort us much. Her companion also appears favorably disposed. The language of the centurion seems applicable to us, Lord, we are not worthy that thou shouldest come under our roof. I am sure you will partake of our joy.

Your ever affectionate daughter,

M. W. ALLEN."

"*Bombay* 1828.

"*My dear brother and sister*,—It is now seven months since I first landed in a heathen country. The manners and customs of the natives have become so familiar, I almost cease to view them as a novelty. I should not once have thought I ever could look with so little excitement on objects now daily before me. Many of the lower classes wearing very little clothing, and many of the young children running about without a scrap. The more respectable, however, dress very decently, indeed their dress is quite becoming. Their long white robes are rather imposing, and their head dresses sometimes quite fanciful.

"The children in our schools all wear something, generally a long, straight piece of cloth, thrown about them rather careless-

ly, but quite decently. The abodes of some of the lowest people, you would scarcely believe habitable—a small place with one opening for a door, without a single window, serves for a house. My heart sometimes sinks at the sight. They frequently sleep without, on a low frame, filled up with a cord or rope, on which they throw themselves without any covering.

"Bombay in many parts is certainly a pleasant place. Gentlemen of wealth have most delightful situations. Their houses might be called palaces, and in front are fine gardens, adorned with beautiful flowers, and various kinds of fruit trees. The fragrance of these gardens is a striking contrast to the almost suffocating closeness and stench in some streets of the natives. We are here presented with the widest difference of grades from the lowest wretchedness to the greatest affluence and ease.

"Living is very expensive. We cannot ride out at the cheapest rate short of a rupee, which is near half a dollar. All kinds of food almost are dear, except rice. We have two kinds of bread, one resembling fine rye bread, this we call reasonable, six pice being given for a loaf of considerable size. A pice is less than a cent. The other is white bread which is near twice as

much as the first. Our water costs about a dollar per month. But we have a comfortable supply of all necessary things. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve us from evil, and keep us unto his heavenly kingdom. Yours sincerely,

M. W. ALLEN."

"*Bombay, Oct.* 1828.

"*My dear cousin*,—I wish to thank you, and express my obligations of gratitude and love in the strongest terms for your kindness in writing so detailed an account of the interesting state of things at W. I cannot tell you how much such communications from friends from whom I am separated, probably for life, strengthen and comfort me; though perhaps I shall never be able to read them with dry eyes. They bring past scenes and joys to my recollection, like the pleasing illusions of a dream; and when I remember that once they *were*, but in this world cannot be again, a sadness for a moment pervades my spirits. This reminds me of the renewed intercourse that glorified spirits in heaven will enjoy; their pure, uninterrupted, unceasing, sweet communion and songs of praise; and hope revives, faith renews its strength, while patience waits with meek submission.

"I wish to relate a circumstance that I think will interest you. In one of the schools now intrusted to my care, there was a woman who entered it, some months past, and brought with her a nursing child which of course she could not leave. The child was taken ill, and she ceased to come. At length the child died, and her only surviving one and her husband also died. I was told by the instructress of the school, that when invited to attend again she expressed a desire to come, but said she had no means of support except to carry burdens in the streets, (a common employment for her sex here.) I sent for her again, and promised to supply her necessities if she would come to school every day, and at a certain hour come and sew for me. She was very glad, and has now not only learned to sew very well, but what is much better, she begins to read, and manifests a lively interest in receiving instruction. She says she prays only to God, and now, since I told her it was sinful to work on the Sabbath, she takes her food and then sits down to read or reflect on what she has heard. She appears to possess a placid temper, and to receive instruction with an eagerness that is indeed cheering. But whether the Lord will complete a work of grace in her heart, time must

determine. The circumstances she is placed in seem favorable, and the power of Omnipotence is not restrained. In this same school there are two or three other women, and, as they understand instruction much better than children, I find more pleasure in teaching them. Women have always been encouraged to attend the schools, and more have been induced to do so, than the darkness that pervaded their minds would have led me to expect. M. W. A."

"*Bombay, Dec.* 1, 1828.

"*My dear cousin*,—I hope since we parted and since I last wrote to you, your advance in the divine life has been rapid, and your joy and habitual trust in God proportionably increased. Blessed indeed are the eyes that see the things which God is showing his people in America. Realize then your privileges and give him all the glory. Blessed are all God's people who live in these last days. He whose right it is to reign, shall overturn among the nations, till every knee shall bow and every tongue confess to him. Yes, it is as easy for him, to work here, as in America. The dark minds of these *benighted* Hindoos shall be enlightened, when he gives command. We do labor with assured hope, though surrounded

with hearts like the nether millstone, and minds darker than the bodies they inhabit. We hope the time is drawing near, when these stupid idols will be thrown away, the holy Sabbath honored, the true worship of God established, and souls now enslaved by Satan, become free in Christ Jesus.

"According to the agreement of the Missionary Union, this is with us a day of fasting and prayer. I have just returned from the afternoon meeting which has been quite refreshing. It is good to humble ourselves before God, confess our sins, and seek his blessing. We have reason to speak of his mercy, and our lives should show greater confidence in his faithfulness. Among the special favors he has granted us, it was mentioned that the recent progress of female education deserved particular notice. One of the brethren, in speaking with a native recently, was told by him that he was never acquainted with a native female who could read. When informed that twenty or more in our female schools could read the scriptures intelligibly, he said he had heard something of their learning here in Bombay, but it was quite a new thing to him. We have some encouraging indications from time to time, but the Lord works according to his own good pleasure: we

desire to be in a waiting posture to know what he will do for us. M. W. A."

The following shows how well she was qualified to sympathize with the afflicted.

"*Bombay, Feb.* 1829.

"*My dear cousin*,—The sudden death of your mother I can well imagine to have been a very trying scene to you all. This is another of those events that teach us to bow with submissive admiration to the deep designs of Providence--to short-sighted mortals, obscure and unfathomable. I think I know how to sympathize with you in such a trial. Though bitter the anguish, yet it was not unmingled with sweetness; and rich, I doubt not, in eternity will be found its fruit. What a hallowed solemnity is shed on such scenes when we look back upon them, and with what a subduing mildness is the spirit impressed! How do the scenes of earth and sense retire, and the solemnities of eternity present themselves before the mind! Yes, what Christian, who has not, at some time, been able to adopt this language as his own, 'It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.' For my part I feel it would be wrong for us to mourn. Through how much pain and anguish did she find her way

to the realms of light. No more confined to her wearisome bed, nor in a suffering shattered prison, her freed spirit as we trust ranges the fields of blessedness and joins in the songs of the redeemed. Many events pass in quick review before my mind, when I receive letters from home; producing perhaps at one moment pleasure, at the next sadness. Mingled indeed and varied are the emotions they excite. M. W. A."

"*Bombay*, 1829.

"*My dear uncle*,—You have been visited in the course of divine providence with affliction and bereavement since I left your vicinity, and I hope you will not consider it intruding in me to attempt a line of sympathy and consolation. You have been called a second time to resign the companion of your life, the friend of your heart, to the cold embrace of death. You are left widowed and lonely, in declining years. You have tasted of the cup of sorrow, and doubtless it has been bitter. But I trust you have found it had other ingredients, even many comforts and sweet consolations. You sorrow not like those who have no hope. Surely it must greatly console you to look but a little forward and hope and trust that a glorious reunion will put beyond the reach of possibility any future separation.

It must be comforting to think that she who a short time since was subject to pain, and doubts, and temptations, has now found an eternal release in perfect enjoyment with her Redeemer. And shortly, too, your own toilsome pilgrimage must close, and perhaps her happy spirit with that of her predecessor, may be ready to greet your arrival to participate in their eternal joys. Death is no more the king of terrors to those who by faith can view the bleeding Saviour. His vital stream pours forth a balm for their sorrows, a cordial for their fears. Thanks to God who giveth us the victory, and crowneth the conqueror with endless joy. May you, my dear uncle, find a peace and serenity of mind in trusting all your concerns with your covenant God, enjoy the comfort of your family, and find the vacancy supplied, by the presence of Him who has said, 'I will never leave nor forsake you.' M. W. A."

"*Bombay, Feb. 22d,* 1829.

"*My dear E*——,—I am again permitted to address you, and I do so under the usual title, for that is more familiar. From a land of darkness and the shadow of death, I write you; and though our prospects are often fluctuating, sometimes cheering us, and sometimes leaving our hopes withered and

blasted; yet when we think we discover some new gleam of light, we are ready to catch every ray, and watch with eagerness its progress, that we may communicate joy to those who are waiting and praying for the blessed era by exclaiming, 'the morning dawns, the Day Star appears, the Sun of Righteousness arises, to shed his enlightening, purifying, healing beams on the perishing millions around us.' Often have we been encouraged, and often disappointed, during the short period of my residence here. We are now again permitted to hope we shall see the power of God displayed toward one who is a teacher in one of our schools. May we all unite in praising the riches of his goodness, and feel to lie low in the dust before him, waiting and humbly expecting to see his salvation. We often think we see some encouraging tokens, as much as 'the sound of his goings in the tops of the mulberry trees,'—but we have reason to lament, that so feeble and languid is our faith. Indeed if our hands were not held up as were those of Moses, by the persevering prayers of Christians, I know not but they would utterly fall. But *God is faithful*. Alas, how deficient am I. O my dear E. never forget to intercede for your friend Myra. Many are the temptations

and spiritual foes that lurk around a missionary's path. The armor of the Lord alone can be his safeguard; if he is careless of this, he is sure to loiter, to stumble and fall in the conflict. But if he desires to be faithful, the promises are precious cordials to his drooping spirits. M. W. A."

The following shows her fidelity in giving instruction.

"*Bombay, March*, 1829.

"*Dear brother and sister*,—In one of my schools are four or five adult females, who listen with much apparent interest to religious instruction. Two of them have just been here to read, and I spent nearly an hour in attending to the third chapter of Matthew, and striving to make them understand its spiritual meaning. They seemed serious, and when I told them they might return home, they appeared unwilling to go. I told them that those who do not repent, and walk in God's ways, keeping his commands, would call on the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of God, and then there would be no remedy for them. Their idols could do nothing for them, they are in the hands of the living God, *their* Maker and Preserver, and at his tribunal they must receive their final

doom. They listened with fixed attention to this, and much more of the same nature. May their souls be saved in that day which must try all hearts! M. W. A."

Her notice of the children in a brother's family, will be interesting.

"*Bombay, Oct.* 1829.

"*My dear brother*,—I was gratified to hear particularly about all the children, and it is not a little pleasing to know that they do not forget their aunt Myra, in my long absence. Tell them she will never forget them, and she will certainly expect some *other* evidence that they remember *her*, as soon as they can use their pens with a little readiness. Tell them to write just what they would say, if they could see me. If they could come and stay a few days with us here, I could show them much that would attract their attention, much that would please them, and much that would excite their pity. But I am thankful they are in a Christian land. And does Dwight think so much about his aunt Myra, as to learn all she wrote him? Then I will write a little more. My dear little boy, the children here do not know who made them, nor anything about Jesus Christ, unless they learn it in our schools. Don't you pity them?

Then thank God that he did not make you a heathen. Learn the hymn—

'I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,' &c.

Learn the history of Samuel, in the Bible, who served God when he was a little child. You must love God and he will love you, and I hope he will make you a good boy, and a good man, and then perhaps he will fit you to teach the knowledge of him to them that never heard of him. So your aunt Myra hopes and prays. Do you love her, and do you love your parents? Then try to do what will please them. M. W. A."

In a letter dated Dec. 31, 1829, she writes:

"Follow me into my daily employments, and you would see that I have something to sustain my spirits, to cheer and encourage my heart, as well as try my patience and excite feelings of anxiety. I should rejoice to introduce to your real inspection the circle I just now left. The best readers from the schools sufficiently near, we collect every Thursday, P. M. to give them instruction on religious subjects. To-day, twenty-one were present, and sometimes we have thirty or more. They are now reading Genesis, with which they are much pleased. We question them as they proceed, with re-

gard to the meaning, and they often give us very pleasing answers. After reading, they usually sing a native hymn, and we close with prayer. I have scarcely ever been present at such a season, but my feelings have been elevated. Some good impressions can scarcely fail to remain. We do confidently hope that God will bless his own word in due time, and that some of these lambs will be gathered into the fold, Jesus Christ himself being the true Shepherd. While I am engaged is these labors, I forget all privations of friends or other comforts.—But with regard to the necessaries and comforts of life, we need not speak. We often say they ought not to be named or even thought of as such, compared with what many have suffered. God has been indeed gracious to us. May our hearts be filled with his love, and our lives joyfully consecrated to his service. M. W. A."

To a nephew and brother-in-law in a course of education.

"I hope you will not only be able to maintain the standing you have attained, but be constantly elevating your standard; and by a deep knowledge of yourselves, and a judicious use of the influence you may acquire, be both respected and eminently useful. I feel deeply interested for you both,

and desire that the precious years you spend in literary pursuits may be guarded alike from vanity and insensibility. Very much may and will depend on the habits you acquire in college. I am aware, that you are peculiarly beset with temptations, and so much the stronger is the argument for vigilance. May the invigorating energy of lively faith and genuine piety inspire you wherever you go wherever you stay, and shed a savor of life on all around you. The life of many souls may be suspended on your present improvement. It is my earnest desire, that the Holy Spirit may be your constant teacher, and that you may have correct views of men and things, of influence and responsibility, of time and eternity. You will excuse me for writing so much in this strain, and regard it as indicative only of the affectionate interest I feel in your welfare. I cannot sometimes refrain from the anticipation that possibly I may yet see one of you in Bombay! But how uncertain is every thing future. My earthly course may be finished before you shall have completed your preparation for the ministry, or God may call you away from earth to his nobler service above. How vastly important to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Him, who sought not his own ease, or the honor

that cometh from men, but to do his heavenly Father's will, and finish the work allotted him. M. W. A."

To a friend, she describes her situation in the following manner, and exposes the miserable state of society among the heathen.

"The outside walls of our new habitation are framed with slats of wood three or four inches apart, and this is covered with basket stuff woven together. It might lead you to think perhaps of the tabernacles of ancient times. The partitions were made of very coarse cloth merely, but we are building brick-walls, and shall probably soon enclose the outside with stone, for we feel it very unsafe as it is. We almost daily hear dreadful accounts of thieves. Houses are not unfrequently robbed. Mr. Stone's was attacked a little time since, but finding it very strong, and some person within awake, the thieves fled, with only some articles they found outside. Mr. Garrett's house has several times been attacked. People are sometimes killed, and sometimes bound, with threatening to take life, if resistance is made. Considering how much many lose, I have been highly favored. A few times I have had clothing taken, and some other things. M. W. A."

Mrs. A. has well described the necessity of ardent piety in a missionary.

"*Nov.* 15*th* 1830.

"The annual Missionary Union meeting is just past, and it has proved as usual a refreshing season. You are aware, that situated in the midst of idolaters, whose indifference to divine instruction is calculated to dishearten us, and whose stubborn adherence to their foolish customs is sometimes ready to stagger our faith, we have few of those stimulating circumstances, which so greatly conduce to animate and encourage the believer in a Christian land. Among the heathen, the Christian, if he live at all spiritually, must live indeed by faith. A simple, firm, and steadfast faith in the promises and faithfulness of God, seems absolutely necessary to keep him from despondency. You can imagine how strengthening it must here be to meet brethren laboring in similar circumstances, to hold Christian counsel with them, and hear of the success they have experienced the past year, and all strive together to promote mutual zeal and perseverance in the great and glorious work of evangelizing the heathen. M. W. A."

A few extracts from letters, written at different times to a valued friend, will doubtless be interesting and useful.

My dear L.—You will excuse me if I
not very formal. I wish very much to
w how you prosper. Hope you succeed
l in your school. Strive much to culti-
your mind, and to progress in evangel-
piety. Cultivate a meek, gentle, com-
sionate spirit, and gain the good will of
so far as you can by kindness and striv-
to promote their best interests. Do all
can for your sisters. Being the eldest
ong, it is in your power to benefit them
ch. Conciliate their good will, and gain
r confidence, and how much you may
towards preparing them for usefulness
respectability, how much contribute to
enjoyment, your parent's gratification,
own pleasure! I feel solicitous for
all, and should derive much satisfac-
from learning that their opening minds
forming just ideas and correct tastes,
they are inured to application, improv-
daily in knowledge and virtue, and eve-
ing that can fit them for intelligent,
able, and useful members of society.
the finishing stroke is piety. Be par-
larly solicitous that not one of them rests
out this. They are now in an inter-
g stage of their existence—on this part
h of the remaining depends. They pos-
good intellectual powers, and with the

instruction I feel confident they will receive, I indulge strong hopes they will become ornaments and a rich blessing to society. Do all you can to effect this. They need encouragement and directions which you may afford perhaps better than any other person.

"My dear L. strive to be a comfort to your parents. Exquisitely tender are the emotions I experience in thinking of *my dear parents*, walking the declivity of life, their family dispersed, and two of them probably to see them no more. I rejoice that they have so many sources of consolation, I hope they do feel the peace which passeth all understanding in committing themselves and all that is dear to them into the hands of a faithful, covenant-keeping God. You think I am requiring much of you, but I must again request you to be a daughter to *my* parents, and a sister to my sisters, for my sake. I know the request will not be grievous to you, and to them I think it will be gratifying. I cannot tell you how much I long to hear from them.

"That you may be blessed as an instrument of much good, enjoy much of divine consolation, be comforted under every sorrow with the comfort the Holy Spirit gives, find support under every trial, at length walk through death's gloomy vale fearing no evil,

and reach the heavenly Canaan to dwell forever with saints and angels in the blissful presence of Jesus, is the sincere desire of your affectionate MYRA W. ALLEN."

"*Bombay*, —— 1828.

"*My dear L.*—I have now had a little experience of the missionary life, and you may wish to know how it at present appears to me. I view it as no less in importance or responsibility, than before I left America. Comparatively, indeed, I have as yet little knowledge of it, but am persuaded, that any one who is not prepared to meet trials and discouragements with undeviating perseverance is not qualified for a missionary. A mere flash of ardor in the cause is not enough: a firm unwavering consistency, an unquenchable love of souls and desire for the glory of God, are indispensable in a good missionary. The human mind is so constituted, that from constantly viewing an object, it becomes familiar and requires some strong principle to render it specially interesting. We here see around us objects to excite our compassion and move our sympathy. After being surrounded with them for a long time, the natural effect is to become cold and unaffected with the view. In these circumstances, the superior nature of genuine faith, or true religion discovers

itself. She is ever ready to seek the lost and perishing, and gladly would she lead them to the fountain of life. If they reject her kind offices, still she pities, and wishes to do them good. The heart may be ready to faint, but from God she may renew her strength as often and as plentifully as she wishes. She may meet with reproaches and opposition where she desired only to do good; but she must bear it meekly, in the exercise of that wisdom which cometh from above.

"I hope you and my dear christian sisters in W. do not forget me in your supplications at the throne of grace. Though less than the least of saints, and utterly unworthy, yet I am called to fill an important station. Oh, that I may not misuse the talents committed to my trust. But grace alone can fit and enable me to fulfil my various duties.

"I hope, my dear L., you are advancing in every christian grace. How are all my friends? Give them my kind and affectionate regards. We expect to meet no more on earth—O may all our course here be fitting us for the enjoyments of heaven. I trust we shall recognize each other, if ever we arrive there, and join forever the song of redeeming love."

* * * * * * *

"*Bombay*, —— 1829.

* * * * "Our hands are full of employment, our cares are many and various. We know very little of that quiet and leisure with which, at home, I used to sit down and hold intercourse with society. One duty rapidly succeeds another, and when we meet among ourselves, our schools or some public affair claims attention. Sometimes our hearts are saddened, sometimes cheered. You can form but a faint idea of a heathen country. Very little can you realize of the selfishness and duplicity of the native character, of the wretched, ignorant, deluded creatures of whom you have frequently read. They are practised in almost every kind of iniquity. People are frequently robbed by some of them, and we, I suppose, are exposed with others. Our situation however is rather favorable, as we are near the jail which is strongly guarded by a watch, day and night. The prince of darkness holds his sway, and the people choose to enslave themselves to him. Perhaps nowhere is his power more uncontrolled, than where he entrenches himself in the superstitious rites of a false religion. The people start at the thought of any one changing his religion,— are ready to concede, that ours is good for us; but theirs they consider *as important* for

them. They suppose their Shaster was as truly given for their rule of conduct, as the Bible for ours. They seem to have no desire to gain any proselytes, and never make any attempts for this purpose.

"A great moral renovation must take place here, before Jesus will have this people for an inheritance. But though dense the shade and dim the light, the dawn is appearing. Rays begin to beam from the sacred page, and while they are bursting forth in splendor in various places, they also *glance* on this benighted region. O Sun of Righteousness arise, and with thy cheering beams disperse all this thick gloom, that Satan may no more lead this nation away deluded to their eternal ruin. Yours sincerely,

M. W. A."

"*Bombay*, —— 1830.

"*My dear L.*—If I possessed a sufficient skill in the art in which you have been engaged, I would now give you a view of the landscape with which we are surrounded. Amidst the inconveniences of our present situation, it affords a fine prospect of almost the whole isle of Bombay, several other islands, and four or five sea views. The moon now shines brightly, the sky is clear and adorned with its starry gems, the white walls of several fine country seats gleam in

the moon-beams, and the lights of the native city are glimmering at our feet, for we are raised quite above it. The light-house is also seen gleaming faintly at the distance of four or five miles. Our house fronts the west. At the back-side, the sea approaches near, and affords an ever varying prospect—boats with their white spread sails—mountainous islands rising here and there—the tide ever ebbing and flowing, with the waves sometimes swelling roughly, and again retiring into a calm. West and south appears the native city with its numerous idol temples, and inhabitants, devoted to their idolatrous worship. The sea occasionally bursts on the view in every direction. North of us Mahim is situated, but at a considerable distance so that the intervening country is exposed to view. You may perhaps begin to think our situation is quite a romantic one. It is so in a measure, but immediately around us are many craggy rocks and native cottages with their filthy inhabitants. This last circumstance renders it the more strictly a missionary field. I have read with lively emotions, on gazing around, the description of Cowper, beginning with

"He is the free man whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside," &c.

"One thing which I have dreaded, more than anything else connected with this place, is, that the rocks afford a harbor and dwelling-place for serpents, and some of a fearful nature, the bite of which is certain death. Two of that kind were killed while Mr. Graves lived here. They are large and long, and have the power of coiling themselves, and then jumping at a person, throwing themselves in the air a considerable height. Hitherto we have been preserved, and have seen none since coming to this place. Yours affectionately,

M. W. A."

CHAPTER XV.

Her last sickness and death.

THE last entry in Mrs. A.'s journal shows the degrading influence of the systems of superstition and idolatry which prevail in India, and closes in the following manner:

"O when shall Jesus reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run."

"We are now hoping soon to welcome some new laborers to this extensive field, and may God grant them an abundant en-

trance into their labors, and fit them to engage in them with such a spirit as he shall approve."

The following account of her death was published in Bombay, in the Oriental Christian Spectator for March, 1831.

"On the 5th of February last, it pleased God, in the exercise of his wise, and holy, and righteous, and good, but unsearchable, providence, to remove Mrs. Allen from her highly interesting labors on earth, to the company and employment of the redeemed in heaven. Her death made a deep impression on those who had the happiness of her acquaintance, and who desire the success of the endeavors which are made to present the truths of the gospel to the perishing natives of this superstitious land. Their mourning was something more than common grief. It had its origin in grace, as well as in nature; and it referred to a public, as well as to a private loss. Some of the natives also experienced a sympathy which they seldom exhibit, and a few of them were affected in the most tender manner. The funeral took place at the American mission chapel on the evening of the day of her decease."

A more particular account of her death

will be found in the following letter of he
afflicted husband to her parents.

"*Bombay, February 7th*, 1831.

"*Dear and honored parents*,—Hitherto, i
our communications to our dear friends i
America, we have generally had occasion t
speak of the goodness of God as manifeste
towards us in temporal and spiritual favor
And still I would speak only of the goo
ness of God, for it is infinite and unchang
able, and when in infinite wisdom he visi
his children with trials and afflictions, h
does it through loving kindness and tend
mercy, as much as when he grants them th
light of his countenance, and the joys of h
salvation. The children of God are nev
afflicted because he has pleasure in doin
it, but because he sees this to be necessar
And when the chastening hand of our hea
enly Father is laid upon us, it should excit
in us more deep humiliation, and godly so
row for sins which render such afflictio
necessary for us—it should increase o
love and confidence in Him, who does n
willingly afflict, but chastises us only f
our profit—and should produce in us mo
entire submission to his will, and more co
formity to his holy character. May this e
fect be produced in myself, and in all,
view of the mournful event I have now

communicate to you. Death has entered my domestic abode, has dissolved the tenderest tie I have ever felt, and has severed the strongest cord of my affection to the things of this life. You will anticipate what I am about to say. My dearly beloved Myra—the companion of my bosom—the partner of my joys and my sorrows, has left this vale of tears for the mansions of glory—she has bid farewell to these earthly scenes of sin and sorrow, and has gone to enjoy that rest which remains for the people of God. She died on Saturday morning, the 5th of this month, at half past nine o'clock. For several months before this event, she had enjoyed uncommonly good health, and at no time since our arrival here, was she more actively engaged, and her heart more deeply interested in her labors among the heathen. On Saturday morning, at half past six o'clock she was made the joyful mother of a son; and, for some time after, appeared quite comfortable, took a cheerful part in the conversation, and, while we were raising our hearts to God with gratitude in view of our prospects, an unexpected and surprising change took place, and neither the most assiduous attention of her friends, nor the best of medical assistance could afford any relief. Death had begun his work—

my dearest M. was to be his victim, an
nothing could avert the fatal stroke. Sh
continued to fail for about two hours, an
then resigned her spirit into the hands o
her Redeemer. She had her reason to th
last, and was sensible of the approach o
death. She expressed her firm confidenc
and her unshaken hope in Jesus. She le
a dying message for the children in the f
male schools under her care—bid me far
well, and closed her eyes in death.

"As some circumstances seemed to re
der it expedient that the funeral should tak
place the same day, it was appointed at th
chapel at 5 o'clock. Besides the person
belonging to the mission, many of our dea
Christian friends united with us as mourn
ers in expressing their sympathy with us i
our affliction, and their regard for the de
ceased. At no time, I think, have I see
more people assembled in the mission chap
el. The 15th chapter of 1st Cor. was rea
the 3d hymn 2d book—

'Why do we mourn departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarm,' &c.

was then sung, and Mr. Stone prayed. Th
native part of the assembly was then ad
dressed in Mahratta, (the native language,
by the Rev. J. Wilson. The number o
people who assembled at the burying groun

was nearly as large as at the chapel. All the members of the mission now in Bombay, with the Rev. Messrs. Davies, Clow, and Wilson, with their families, and many other dear Christian friends standing around the grave, united in singing the 231st select hymn,

'Unveil thy bosom faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,' &c.

And just as the beams of the setting sun were disappearing from the objects around us, the remains of my beloved M. were deposited in their lowly bed, there to rest in peaceful slumber, till she shall rise glorious in her Saviour's image on the resurrection morn.

"On Sabbath (yesterday) evening the Rev. Mr. Wilson preached a sermon on the occasion of her death, in the chapel, from Heb. 11: 13. The people present were much as at the funeral. In requesting Mr. Wilson to do this, I expressed the wish that nothing further might be said respecting her character, than that she had been for many years a professed follower of Christ—that her trust was fixed solely on his atonement and mediation, and that her hope in his mercy remained unshaken in the hour of death. Towards the close of his sermon, however, he was led to speak in the follow-

ing manner, which he has kindly permitted me to insert here.

'My brethren, I commend these statements to your Christian consideration, and I exhort you to weigh them with solemnity and humility. They are at all times suitable and important as subjects of meditation; but in our present circumstances, they are fraught with a peculiar interest. God not only addresses us by his word, but by his providence he beseeches us to confess that we are 'strangers and pilgrims upon the earth.' He instructs us in the most emphatic manner. He shows to us the brevity of time; he reminds us that here we have no continued place of abode; he strives to deaden our affections to all that is of the world; he teaches us to work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work; he exhibits to us the triumphs of the gospel; and he unfolds the value of that hope which is full of immortality, and that faith which can penetrate the darkness of the valley of the shadow of death, and which can behold in distant, but exulting prospect, the regions of the blessed.

'The circumstances and character of the beloved friend, whom God, in his adorable providence, has so lately removed from us, and whose loss we so deeply lament, were in

many respects similar to those of the witnesses mentioned in the chapter from which our text is taken. She possessed that 'faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' Like Enoch, she walked with God, enjoying his favor, and delighting in his service. Like Abraham, she looked to this land of spiritual promise, and with the fervent and holy desire of being a coadjutor in the great work of making known to its benighted inhabitants the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified Redeemer, she left her kindred and her father's house,—the scenes of tender association and holy impression,—and sojourned in a land whose attractions are not those of ease and worldly enjoyment; but to which she was attached by deep compassion for the lost children of the family of man, and by zeal for the divine glory. In the situation in which she was placed, and in the labor she was called to perform, she found something more than contentment and resignation: she found occasions of gratitude, and sources of the highest joy. Her work was congenial to her mind, and dear to her soul. She hallowed it with her prayers; and devoted to it, without reservation, her time, her strength, and her talents. With the most commendable diligence, she made her-

self acquainted, in a degree seldom exhibited by her sex, with the customs and language of a large portion of the natives, who at first appeared to her as a people of a strange countenance, and of a strange tongue. The degraded females around us, both old and young, heard from her lips the doctrine of salvation; observed her holy anxieties and witnessed the operation of that principle by which she condemned the world. Those who were acquainted with her, knew her excellence, and appreciated her worth. They witnessed her deadness to the world; and her desire for an entrance into that city which hath foundations, and whose builder and maker is God. They knew the meekness of her spirit; and her unwearied benevolence. They saw the peace of the gospel which passeth all understanding, sustain her in the hour of affliction and trial. They heard her, in the view of her dissolution and her solemn entrance into eternity, express her humble reliance on the divine Redeemer. And in the exercise of trust, they traced her ascent to that great cloud of witnesses, who urge us to 'Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race that is set before us.'

'God, my dear hearers, has addressed us;

and his words are still sounding. From yon silent spot, where rest the remains of her, who yesterday was, but to-day is not, is heard the solemn counsel: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no wisdom, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave, whither you are fast hastening.' O let not this be heard in vain! Let it sink deep into our souls, and affect our conduct. Let it fill us with humiliation and contrition; let it break the satanic spell which binds us to this earth; let it lead us to watchfulness, diligence, and prayer. Great will be our guilt, if such, under divine grace, be not its consequences.

'My fellow laborers in the work of evangelizing the heathen! We are specially admonished. One of our number has been taken from us; and death may soon, and as suddenly as in the case to which our attention has been so mournfully and tenderly directed, summon us to give an account of our stewardship. Are we prepared for the trial which awaits us? Are we ready to answer for our immortal souls, and for the multitudes committed to our charge? O, it will be awful indeed, if we be found unfaithful workmen! Imagination cannot conceive, and tongue cannot express the dreadful nature of our doom. Let us then have our

loins girded about, and our lamps burning. Let us be found in our Master's work when our Master calleth. Let us confess that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Let us live above the sinful fear of the world, and the sinful desire of its enjoyments and its applause. Let us look to the glory of the divine character, and the excellence of the divine law, and let us be jealous for the honor of God. Let the most fervent love to the Redeemer glow in our bosoms, and express itself in our lives. Knowing the value of the human soul, let us prefer its deliverance from the curse and power of sin, to every other consideration. Entertaining the most tender compassion for those who are perishing for lack of knowledge; and knowing the awful responsibility in which we are placed as the depositaries of divine truth, as ambassadors of Christ, and as stewards of the mysteries of salvation, let us make full proof of our ministry, and beseech sinners to be reconciled to God. Perceiving the shortness of the period which in general is permitted for labor, let us hold all that belongs to us as sacred to the great cause of Christ. Seeing that our ranks are breaking, let us pray that they may be speedily filled up. Let us send another Macedonian cry to the highly favored lands.

of our native country. Let us pray that those who come to us may come in the fullness of the gospel of peace. And let us look for the effusions of that Spirit, who will change this dry and parched land into a fruitful field.'

"To the sentiments respecting my beloved wife, contained in this extract from the sermon, the feelings of all present appeared to correspond. Death, though it came at an unexpected hour, did not find her unprepared. Few Christians, I am persuaded, attain that degree of assurance of hope in the divine mercy, which she had for some years enjoyed. Often on our voyage to India and after our arrival here, did she express her gratitude to God, that he had raised her from a feeble state of health and counted her worthy to engage in the self-denying and arduous, but to her delightful work of extending the knowledge of the gospel to the heathen. During her long and distressing sickness in the summer of 1829, her feelings were, 'for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' And when God in his wisdom and mercy was pleased to restore her to vigorous health, she seemed to engage with renewed zeal in doing with her might what she found to do. And now her work is done—her conflict is over—her victory is

won, and she has entered into the joy of her Lord, there to behold with open vision the beauty and glory of the Saviour whom she so ardently loved.

"As her death was unexpected—for I did not despair of her life till a few minutes before she died—the stroke was almost insupportable, and I felt at first that the waves of affliction had indeed gone over me. But blessed be my heavenly Father, the consolations of his Spirit have not been withheld from his unworthy servant in this time of severe affliction. I am under great obligations also to many dear friends for the kindness and sympathy I have received from them in this time of trial. May I henceforth feel more than ever, that I am a stranger and pilgrim on the earth and be more devoted to the service of my Redeemer. And may God prepare the hearts of all my dear friends in America to receive this afflictive intelligence, and so improve it, that her death, which I doubt not has been gain to her, may also prove to be gain to them.

"Remember me in all your supplications, and believe me to be,

"Yours most affectionately,

DAVID O. ALLEN."

Permit me in closing this little volume to urge upon the reader an immediate attention to that religion, which sustained and animated her, who "though dead yet speaketh." Religion was the bright ornament which heightened all her other amiable endowments, and prepared her for a field of eminent usefulness. Piety in every case is all, which can confer true excellence and real worth. It heightens the charm of youth, secures respect in advancing years, and sheds light through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Nothing adorns the youthful character so much as the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and nothing else presents so strong a guard against the seductions of vice and error. Religion will effectually secure sobriety, temperance and industry, and consequently promote health and peace, and lead to a life of usefulness and honor. It is the only effectual shield against infidelity, the allurements of evil examples, and the delusions of a roving imagination. Look abroad upon the face of the world, and where will you find social happiness where the Scriptures are unknown or disregarded. Examine Judaism, Popery, Paganism, and Infidelity in all its forms, and what do you find but degradation and misery. The ex-

perience of all nations conspires to prove to you that godliness, and that only, is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come. And will not every youth, whose eye lights on these pages, be persuaded immediately to obey the divine mandate, "My son, give me thine heart." Do you desire happiness? Do you pant after distinction? Would you inherit glory, honor, immortality, eternal life? Seek your all in Christ. Surrender to him your supreme affection, and make it the one great, commanding purpose of your lives, to serve God with all your powers, and to secure his eternal approbation and love. Be induced by your immeasurable obligations to your Maker and Redeemer, by all your fears of perdition, and all your hopes of immortal glory and blessedness, to acquire a knowledge of God from his word, and to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ unto salvation. Seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, new excellencies will be daily discovered in the divine character, fresh success will be perpetually afforded in the path of duty, and every new victory will inspire new hope and produce new energy and delight in the service of the Lord. Neglecting to remember now your Creator,

you will become more confirmed in wickedness, and unless sovereign grace interpose to save, you will ripen fast for destruction.

Imitate the subject of these memoirs by a life of *prayerfulness*. Like her consult the throne of grace, and seek wisdom from above on all occasions. Place yourself under the divine guidance, and say with young Samuel, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Think not that you can live safely for one day without prayer. Without it, you will be easily overcome with temptation, and led away with the error of the wicked: you can never know whether you are in the path of duty, can never have the joys of an approving conscience, nor be able to repose confidence in God. Cultivate then a devotional spirit. Beg of God to bestow it upon you as the richest treasure and the source of the highest felicity.

Consider well the devotedness to the cause of benevolence, and the conscientious discharge of duty, which characterised the beloved daughter of Israel, whose worthy example has been presented for your imitation. She gave herself to Christ, and was ready to endure every privation in obedience to his call. She had only to inquire what was duty, and when satisfied on this point, she had no further hesitation. She

was ready to go wherever God would have her, do whatever work he assigned, and endure whatever sufferings he appointed. Dear youth, let this ever be your conduct. You need indulge no fears of consequences, while you closely and conscientiously follow the path of duty. Even the unbelieving world will be constrained to admire your consistent course, and yield you their unwilling praise. The friends of Christ will hail you as their companions, angels will approve, and God himself will shine on your path.

"Honor and happiness unite,
To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days.

Adorned with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

The noblest creature seen below,
Ordained to fill a throne above!
God gives him all he can bestow—
His kingdom of eternal love!

My soul is ravish'd at the thought—
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies."

All books are subject to recall

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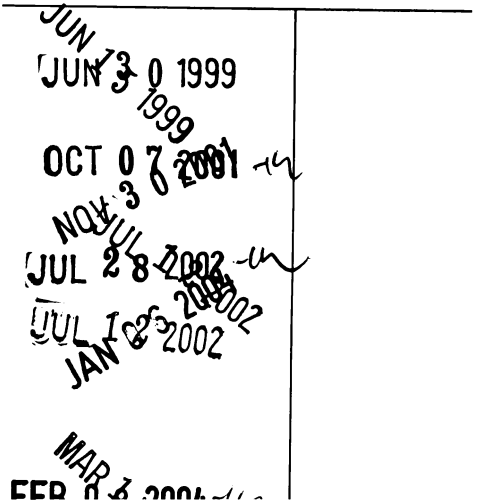

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